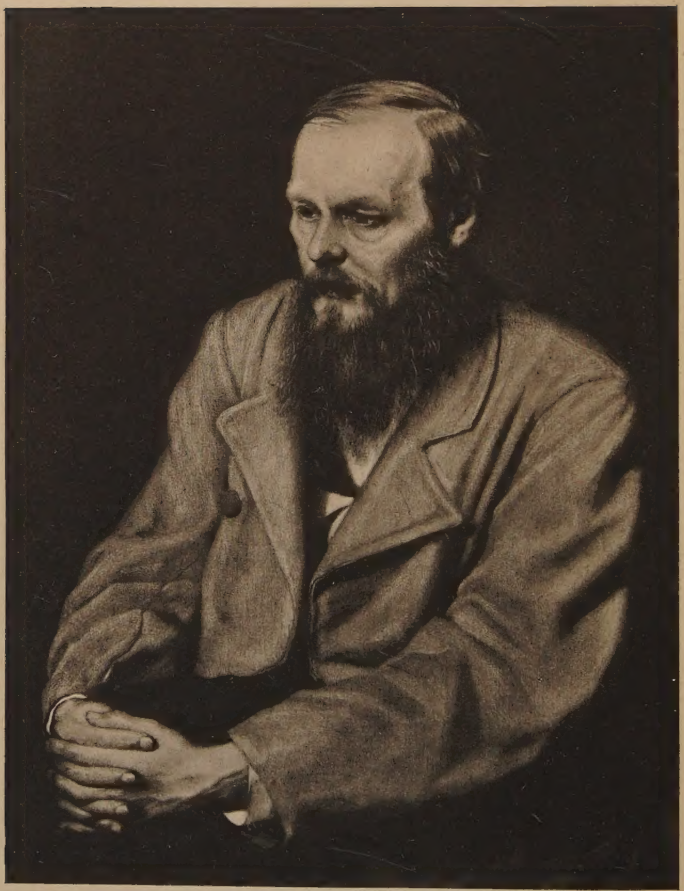
Class ____ Book ____

MURRAY LIBRARY

Presented by

_____

DOSTOEVSKY:
LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES



Emery Walker ph.sc.

F. M. Dostoevsky

From the portrait by V. G. Perov

DOSTOEVSKY:
LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
S. S. KOTELIANSKY
AND J. MIDDLETON MURRY

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1923

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
T. AND A. CONSTABLE LTD.
EDINBURGH

*

ALL RIGHTS
RESERVED

891.7
D74xK

CONTENTS

LETTER FROM F. M. DOSTOEVSKY TO HIS BROTHER page 1

DOSTOEVSKY'S LETTERS TO A. N. MAIKOV 15

REMINISCENCES OF DOSTOEVSKY BY HIS WIFE 97

DOSTOEVSKY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE ON THE POUSHKIN CELEBRATIONS 155

DOSTOEVSKY AND POBIEDONOSZEV: SOME LETTERS 237

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX 267

19546

LETTER FROM F. M. DOSTOEVSKY TO HIS BROTHER

LETTER TO HIS BROTHER

The following is the full text of Dostoevsky's letter, written on the day he was sentenced to death, December 22, 1849, to his brother Mihail. Only the first paragraph of the letter has been published before. It is now published in full for the first time. It is a document of exceptional importance.

The original letter cannot now be traced. But a copy of it, made by Madame Dostoevsky, is now kept in the Central Archives. It has now been made public.

Mihail Dostoevsky was, after all, allowed to see Fiodor before his departure for Siberia. In his *Reminiscences* (1881), A. P. Miliukov relates that Fiodor said to his brother at parting :

> ' During these three months I have gone through much ; I mean, I have gone through much in myself ; and now there are the things I am going to see and go through. There will be much to be written.'

The Peter and Paul Fortress,
December 22, 1849.

Mihail Mihailovich Dostoevsky,
Nevsky Prospect, opposite Gryazny Street,
in the house of Neslind.

Brother, my precious friend! all is settled! I am sentenced to four years' hard labour in the fortress (I believe, of Orenburg) and after that to serve as a private. To-day, the 22nd of December, we were taken to the Semionov Drill Ground. There the sentence of death was read to all of us, we were told to kiss the Cross, our swords were broken over our heads, and our last toilet was made (white shirts). Then three were tied to the pillar for execution. I was the sixth. Three at a time were called out; consequently, I was in the second batch and no more than a minute was left me to live. I remembered you, brother, and all yours; during the last minute you, you alone, were in my mind, only then I realised how I love you, dear brother mine! I also managed to embrace Plescheyev and Durov who stood close to me and to say good-bye

to them. Finally the retreat was sounded, and those tied to the pillar were led back, and it was announced to us that His Imperial Majesty granted us our lives. Then followed the present sentences. Palm alone has been pardoned, and returns with his old rank to the army.

I was just told, dear brother, that to-day or to-morrow we are to be sent off. I asked to see you. But I was told that this was impossible; I may only write you this letter: make haste and give me a reply as soon as you can. I am afraid that you may somehow have got to know of our death-sentence. From the windows of the prison-van, when we were taken to the Semionov Drill Ground, I saw a multitude of people; perhaps the news reached you, and you suffered for me. Now you will be easier on my account. Brother! I have not become downhearted or low-spirited. Life is everywhere life, life in ourselves, not in what is outside us. There will be people near me, and to be a *man* among people and remain a man for ever, not to be downhearted nor to fall in whatever misfortunes may befall me—this is life; this is the task of life. I have realised this. This idea has entered into my flesh and into my blood. Yes, it 's true! The head which was creating, living with the highest life of art, which had realised and grown used to the highest needs of the spirit, that

head has already been cut off from my shoulders. There remain the memory and the images created but not yet incarnated by me. They will lacerate me, it is true! But there remains in me my heart and the same flesh and blood which can also love, and suffer, and desire, and remember, and this, after all, is life. *On voit le soleil!* Now, good-bye, brother! Don't grieve for me!

Now about material things: my books (I have the Bible still) and several sheets of my manuscript, the rough plan of the play and the novel (and the finished story *A Child's Tale*) have been taken away from me, and in all probability will be got by you. I also leave my overcoat and old clothes, if you send to fetch them. Now, brother, I may perhaps have to march a long distance. Money is needed. My dear brother, when you receive this letter, and if there is any possibility of getting some money, send it me at once. Money I need now more than air (for one particular purpose). Send me also a few lines. Then if the money from Moscow comes,—remember me and do not desert me. Well, that is all! I have debts,[1] but what can I do?

Kiss your wife and children. Remind them of me continually; see that they do not forget me.

[1] Money owed by Dostoevsky to Krayevsky was paid by *A Child's Tale*.

Perhaps, we shall yet meet some time! Brother, take care of yourself and of your family, live quietly and carefully. Think of the future of your children. . . . Live positively. There has never yet been working in me such a healthy abundance of spiritual life as now. But will my body endure? I do not know. I am going away sick, I suffer from scrofula. But never mind! Brother, I have already gone through so much in life that now hardly anything can frighten me. Let come what may! At the first opportunity I shall let you know about myself. Give the Maikovs my farewell and last greetings. Tell them that I thank them all for their constant interest in my fate. Say a few words for me, as warm as possible, as your heart will prompt you, to Eugenia Petrovna.[1] I wish her much happiness, and shall ever remember her with grateful respect. Press the hands of Nikolay Apollonovich [2] and Apollon Maikov, and also of all the others. Find Yanovsky. Press his hand, thank him. Finally, press the hands of all who have not forgotten me. And those who have forgotten me—remember me to them also. Kiss our brother Kolya. Write a letter to our brother Andrey and let him know about me. Write also

[1] Eugenia Petrovna was the mother of the poet Apollon Maikov, Dostoevsky's friend.

[2] N. A. Maikov, the father of A. N. Maikov.

to Uncle and Aunt. This I ask you in my own name, and greet them for me. Write to our sisters : I wish them happiness.

And maybe, we shall meet again some time, brother ! Take care of yourself, go on living, for the love of God, until we meet. Perhaps some time we shall embrace each other and recall our youth, our golden time that was, our youth and our hopes, which at this very instant I am tearing out from my heart with my blood, to bury them.

Can it indeed be that I shall never take a pen into my hands ? I think that after the four years there may be a possibility. I shall send you everything that I may write, if I write anything, my God ! How many imaginations, lived through by me, created by me anew, will perish, will be extinguished in my brain or will be spilt as poison in my blood ! Yes, if I am not allowed to write, I shall perish. Better fifteen years of prison with a pen in my hands !

Write to me more often, write more details, more, more facts. In every letter write about all kinds of family details, of trifles, don't forget. This will give me hope and life. If you knew how your letters revived me here in the fortress. These last two months and a half, when it was forbidden to write or receive a letter, have been

very hard on me. I was ill. The fact that you did not send me money now and then worried me on your account; it meant you yourself were in great need! Kiss the children once again; their lovely little faces do not leave my mind. Ah, that they may be happy! Be happy yourself too, brother, be happy!

But do not grieve, for the love of God, do not grieve for me! Do believe that I am not downhearted, do remember that hope has not deserted me. In four years there will be a mitigation of my fate. I shall be a private soldier,—no longer a prisoner, and remember that some time I shall embrace you. I was to-day in the grip of death for three-quarters of an hour; I have lived it through with that idea; I was at the last instant and now I live again!

If any one has bad memories of me, if I have quarrelled with any one, if I have created in any one an unpleasant impression—tell them they should forget it, if you manage to meet them. There is no gall or spite in my soul; I should dearly love to embrace any one of my former friends at this moment. It is a comfort, I experienced it to-day when saying good-bye to my dear ones before death. I thought at that moment that the news of the execution would kill you. But now be easy, I am still alive and shall live in the future with the

thought that some time I shall embrace you. Only this is now in my mind.

What are you doing? What have you been thinking to-day? Do you know about us? How cold it was to-day!

Ah, if only my letter reaches you soon. Otherwise I shall be for four months without news of you. I saw the envelopes in which you sent money during the last two months; the address was written in your hand, and I was glad that you were well.

When I look back at the past and think how much time has been wasted in vain, how much time was lost in delusions, in errors, in idleness, in ignorance of how to live, how I did not value time, how often I sinned against my heart and spirit, —my heart bleeds. Life is a gift, life is happiness, each minute might have been an age of happiness. *Si jeunesse savait!* Now, changing my life, I am being reborn into a new form. Brother! I swear to you that I shall not lose hope, and shall preserve my spirit and heart in purity. I shall be reborn to a better thing. That is my whole hope, my whole comfort!

The life in prison has already sufficiently killed in me the demands of the flesh which were not wholly pure; I took little heed of myself before. Now privations are nothing to me, and, therefore,

do not fear that any material hardship will kill me. This cannot be! Ah! To have health!

Good-bye, good-bye, my brother! When shall I write you again? You will receive from me as detailed an account as possible of my journey. If I can only preserve my health, then everything will be right!

Well, good-bye, good-bye, brother! I embrace you closely, I kiss you closely. Remember me without pain in your heart. Do not grieve, I pray you, do not grieve for me! In the next letter I shall tell you how I go on. Remember then what I have told you: plan out your life, do not waste it, arrange your destiny, think of your children. Oh, to see you, to see you! Good-bye! Now I tear myself away from everything that was dear; it is painful to leave it! It is painful to break oneself in two, to cut the heart in two. Good-bye! Good-bye! But I shall see you, I am convinced—I hope; do not change, love me, do not let your memory grow cold, and the thought of your love will be the best part of my life. Good-bye, good-bye, once more! Good-bye to all! —Your brother FIODOR DOSTOEVSKY.

Dec. 22, 1849.

At my arrest several books were taken away from me. Only two of them were prohibited books.

Won't you get the rest for yourself? But there is this request: one of the books was *The Work of Valerian Maikov*: his critical essays—Eugenia Petrovna's copy. It was her treasure, and she lent it me. At my arrest I asked the police officer to return that book to her, and gave him the address. I do not know if he returned it to her. Make enquiries! I do not want to take this memory away from her. Good-bye, good-bye, once more!
—Your F. Dostoevsky.

On the margins:

I do not know if I shall have to march or go on horses. I believe I shall go on horses. Perhaps!

Once again press Emily Fiodorovna's hand, kiss the little ones. Remember me to Krayevsky: perhaps . . .

Write me more particularly about your arrest, confinement, and liberation.

F. M. DOSTOEVSKY'S LETTERS TO A. N. MAIKOV

LETTERS TO A. N. MAIKOV

The eight hitherto unpublished letters written by F. M. Dostoevsky to A. N. Maikov are taken from the originals kept in the Poushkin Department of the Russian Academy of Sciences in Petersburg. These letters are preserved there, together with Dostoevsky's other letters to Maikov which have already been published.

The letters here published are of great interest, chiefly owing to their outspoken tone, but also as containing many facts bearing on Dostoevsky's life abroad during the period 1867-1871.

Maikov was a great friend of Dostoevsky's, and their friendship, which dated from before 1848, was the greater because of the affinity of their political views.

Owing to that affinity 'the friends understood each other from their letters, just as well as by personal contact.' That is why the letters have a special significance. Furthermore, they contain Dostoevsky's most intimate convictions and utterances about Russia and the Russian people, his prognostications of the future destinies of Russia, and his opinions about the 'disintegrated' West.

These letters also tell the history of Dostoevsky's creation of *The Idiot*, and the author's own opinion of that work; they afford a clear and concise explanation of the idea of *The Devils* (called *The Possessed* in the

English translation); they contain Dostoevsky's account of the psychology of his creative activity; they also include his literary judgments and opinions of certain writers, such as Leo Tolstoy, Turgenev, Schedrin, and Danilevsky.

I

To A. N. Maikov

GENEVA, *January 12th*, 1868.
December 31st, 1867.

My dear and good friend, Apollon Nicolayevich, the time has come, at last, when I can write you a couple of pages! What have you thought of me? That I have forgotten you? I know you won't think that. Believe me: *I have not had a single hour* of time; I mean literally. I have forgotten all. What is my poor Pasha [1] doing; to whom I have sent no money now for two months? (I have not had, literally, a farthing *to send him*!) I write to you and shall describe everything, and shall await your answer with morbid impatience. Being in the dark is killing me.

And as for me, this is my story: *I worked and was tortured.* You know what it means to *compose*? No, thank God, you do not know! I believe you have never written to order, by the yard, and have never experienced that hellish *torture*.—Having received in advance from the

[1] Dostoevsky's stepson, Pavel Alexandrovich Isayev, the son of his first wife by her first marriage.

Russky Viestnik so much money (Horror! 4500 roubles), I fully hoped in the beginning of the year that poesy would not desert me, that the poetical idea would flash out and develop artistically towards the end of the year, and that I should succeed in satisfying every one. Moreover, this seemed to me the more likely inasmuch as many creative ideas are always flashing through my brain and my soul, and being conceived. But then these are only flashes, and they need a complete realisation, which invariably comes unexpectedly and all of a sudden. It is impossible, however, to calculate when it is going to come. Only afterwards when one has received a complete image in one's heart can one start artistic composition. And then one may even calculate without mistake. Well: all through the summer and all through the autumn I selected various ideas (some of them most ingenious), but my experience enabled me always to feel beforehand the falsity, difficulty, or ephemerality of this or that idea. At last I fixed on one and began working, I wrote a great deal; but on the 4th of December (new style) I threw it all to the devil. I assure you that the novel might have been tolerable; but I got incredibly sick of it just because it was tolerable, and not *positively good.* I did not want that. Well, what was I to do? The 4th of December! And meanwhile the con-

ditions of our existence can be described as follows.

Did I tell you, I don't remember (indeed, I remember nothing), that, finally, when all my means had come to an end, I wrote to Katkov [1] asking him to send me one hundred roubles a month? I believe I did tell you. He agreed and began sending punctually. But in my letter to Katkov, thanking him, I confirmed *positively*, on my honour, the assurance I had given him that he should have the novel, and that in December I would send a considerable part of it to the office. (I promised the more readily, because the writing had gone well and so much had been written!) After that I wrote to him saying that my expenses were extraordinary and asking whether he could send me out of the agreed sum (500 roubles) one instalment of 200 instead of 100 (for December). His consent and the money came in December, just at the moment when I had destroyed the novel. What was I to do? All my hopes were shattered. (I had realised at last that all my real hopes are set on my work and writing novels, that, were I to write a decent novel, I could pay off my debt to the Editor, and to you, send a biggish sum to Pasha and to Emily Fiodorovna,[2] and myself be

[1] Editor and publisher of the monthly review *Russky Viestnik*.
[2] The widow of Dostoevsky's brother, Mihail Mihailovich.

able to live. Were I, however, to write a really good novel,—I could sell the book-rights and manage to get some money, pay half or two-thirds of my debts and return to Petersburg.) But everything went smash. On receiving the 200 roubles from Katkov, I confirmed my promise that the novel would arrive *without fail* in time for the January number; I regretted that the *first part* would reach the editorial office *late*. But I promised it without fail for January 1st (old style), and I begged him not to bring out the January number of the *Russky Viestnik* without my novel (as the review never comes out before the middle of the month).

After that (since all my future turned on this) I began tormenting myself with thinking out a *new novel*. The old one I would not go on with for the world. I could not. I thought from the 4th till the 18th December (old style) inclusive. On the average, I fancy I turned out six plans (at least six) every day. My head became a mill. How it was I didn't go off my head, I don't understand. At last on December 18th I sat down to write the new novel; on the 5th January (new style) I sent off to the Editor five chapters of Part I (about five printed sheets) with a letter in which I promised to send the remaining two chapters of Part I on January 10th (new style). Yesterday, the 11th, I despatched those two chapters and so have de-

livered *the whole of Part I*,—about six or six and a half printed sheets.

The first parcel they ought to have received before December 30th (old style), and the second they will get by January 4th; consequently, if they like they can still publish Part I in the January number. Part II (of which of course I have not yet written a line) I gave my word to send to the Editor by February 1st (old style), punctually and unfailingly.

Do understand, my friend; how could I have thought of writing letters to any one, and there is the further question, what could I have written about? And therefore, like the humane man you are, *understand*, and, as a friend, forgive me my enforced silence. Besides, the time itself was a very hard one.

Now about the novel, so as to make an end of that. In the main I myself cannot tell what the thing I sent off is like. But as far as I can form an opinion—it is not very ship-shape and not at all effective. I have long been troubled by a certain idea, but I have been afraid to make a novel of it; for the idea is too difficult, and I am not ready for it, although the idea is perfectly alluring and I love it. That idea is—to depict a *thoroughly good man*. In my opinion, there can be nothing more difficult than this, above all in our time. Certainly you will

absolutely agree with this. At one time this assumed a partial creative form ; but only a partial one, when a complete one was needed. My desperate position alone compelled me to make use of this abortive idea. I took my chance as at roulette : 'Perhaps the idea will develop under the pen!' That is unpardonable.

On the whole the plan has been created. Details occur in the subsequent development, which tempt me very much and keep up the ardour in me. But the whole? But the hero? For the whole turns on the figure of the *hero*. So it has posited itself. I am obliged to posit a figure. Will it develop under the pen? And imagine what horrors presented themselves : it turned out that besides the hero there was also a heroine, consequently *two heroes*! And apart from these heroes there are two more characters—absolutely front-rank characters—that is to say, *nearly heroes*. (Subsidiary characters, to whom I am greatly in debt—a great multitude ; besides, the novel is in eight parts.) Out of the four heroes—two are firmly outlined *in my soul*, one is not yet outlined at all, and the fourth, the principal, the first—is extraordinarily faint. Perhaps in my heart he dwells firmly enough ; but—he is terribly difficult. At any rate I should need twice as much time (this is a *minimum*) in order to write it.

The first part, in my opinion, is weak. But it seems to me there is still hope for it: the hope is in this, that nothing is yet *compromised* and that the subsequent parts are capable of satisfactory development. (At least I hope they are!) Part I is, essentially, a mere introduction. One thing is necessary: that it should arouse a certain curiosity about what is going to follow. But of this I positively can't judge. I have one reader only—Anna Gregorevna [Dostoevsky's wife]; she likes it very much; but she is no judge in *my business*.

In Part II everything must be definitely posited (but still far from being explained). Then there will be one scene (one of the *vital ones*), but how is it going to turn out? Yet I have it written in the rough, and well.

On the whole all this is still in the future; but from you I expect a strict judgment. Part II will decide everything: it is the most difficult; but write to me also about the first part (although I know in my heart that it is not good, write to me nevertheless). Besides, I *implore you*, let me know immediately the *Russky Viestnik* is out—whether my novel is published there? I am still terribly afraid it may have arrived too late. And that it should appear in January is to me of the utmost necessity. Let me know, for the love of God, let me know instantly, even if you send only two lines.

When I sent Katkov Part I, I told him almost exactly the same as I have told you about my novel. The novel is called *The Idiot*. Yet no man can judge himself, especially when he is hot from the work. Perhaps Part I also is not so bad. If I have not developed the principal character, this was necessary by the laws of my whole scheme. That is why I await your opinion with such eager impatience. But enough about the novel. All the work I have done since the 18th of December has put me into such a fever that I can neither think nor speak of anything else. Now I 'll say a few words about our life here from the time I left off writing to you.

My life certainly is work. But we have this to the good that, thanks to the monthly receipt of a hundred roubles, we are in want of nothing. Anna Gregorevna and I live modestly, but quite comfortably. But expenses are impending and a small sum, if only a very small one, must always be kept in reserve. In a month and a half Anna Gregorevna (who bears up excellently) is going to make me a father. You realise what expenses are impending. But during that period I shall ask for 200 roubles per month, and the Editor will send it. I have already sent him the equivalent of nearly a thousand roubles. And by February 5th I shall have sent the equivalent of another 1000 (and perhaps better

stuff, more solid, more effective); consequently I am entitled to ask for a somewhat larger sum. By the way, my dear fellow, but for the destruction of the novel, I could certainly have paid you what you lent me by the New Year. But now I ask you to wait another couple of months; for I can't ask the Editor for a considerable sum until I have delivered Part II. But then I will pay you without fail. But my chief, but my most terrible obsession is the thought of what is happening to Pasha? My heart bleeds and the thought of him, *added to all my literary torments* in December, drove me simply to despair! What is he doing? In November and in December I sent him no money; but even before November he had left off writing to me. With the last allowance I made to him (60 roubles from Katkov), sent through you, I wrote him a long letter, and also asked him to make an inquiry, very important to me, and quite easy for him. I implored him to answer me. Not a single line from him. For the love of God, do give me some news of him. Does he hate me, does he? What for, why? Is it because I strained my resources to the very utmost to send him money and wait with burning impatience for the moment when I can send him more? It is impossible that he should hate me. I put it all down not to his heart, but to his lightmindedness and to his in-

capacity to make up his mind even to write a letter, just as he could not make up his mind to learn even the multiplication table till he was twenty.

He lived in the same house with Emily Fiodorovna and got into debt in spite of the fact that up to November I was sending him quite enough. It was through you that I paid that debt to Emily Fiodorovna. But how were they all in November and December? They themselves are in want. Fedya [1] works, but he can't keep them all, and I can't send any money for a month (through you, of course; I implore you, my dear friend, *it is to you that the money from Katkov will come.* Don't disdain my request and don't be annoyed with them. They are poor. And I will be your servant all my life long, I will prove to you how much I value what you have done for me). To-morrow I shall write to Fedya. Are they still living in Alonkin's house? I expressly asked Pasha to send me Alonkin's Christian name and his father's name (I forgot it) so that I could write to him. Alonkin trusts me, but he will turn them out of the flat, if he does not hear from me; since I had made myself responsible to him for it. Neither from Pasha, nor from Emily Fiodorovna have I had an answer about the man's *Christian name and his father's name.* And how can I write a letter to

[1] Fiodor—son of Mihail Mihailovich, Dostoevsky's brother.

Alonkin without that? He is a merchant, he will be offended.

But perhaps I may be able to send them money before; although I am in awful need of money in expectation of my wife's confinement. Although we rub along without denying ourselves the prime necessities, yet our things are constantly being pawned. Every time I receive money I redeem them; but towards the end of the month we pawn them again. Anna Gregorevna is my true helper and comforter. Her love to me is boundless; although there is a great deal of difference in our characters. (She sends her best greetings to you and to Anna Ivanovna [Maikov's wife]. She loves you awfully because you value her mother, whom she adores. She values you both very highly, you and Anna Ivanovna, and esteems you deeply, with sincere, with the sincerest feeling.)

Above all we have suffered real discomfort in Geneva from the cold. Oh if you only knew, what a stupid, dull, insignificant, savage people it is! It is not enough to travel through as a tourist. No, try to live there for some time! But I can't describe to you now even briefly my impressions: I have accumulated too many. Bourgeois life in this vile republic has reached the *nec plus ultra.* In the administration, and all through the whole of Switzerland—there are parties and continuous

squabbles, pauperism, terrible mediocrity in everything. A workman here is not worth the little finger of a workman of ours. It is ridiculous to see and to hear it all. The customs are savage; oh, if you only knew what they consider good and bad here. Their inferiority of development: the drunkenness, the thieving, the paltry swindling, that have become the rule in their commerce! Yet they have some good traits which after all place them immeasurably above the Germans. (In Germany I was above all struck by the stupidity of the people: they are infinitely stupid, they are immeasurably stupid.) Yet with us—even Nicolay Nicolayevich Strahov,[1] a man of high intellect, even he does not want to understand the truth: 'The Germans,' he says, 'have invented gunpowder.' But it is their life that settled it for them! And we at that very time were forming ourselves into a great nation, we checked Asia for ever, we bore an infinity of sufferings, we managed to endure it all, we did not lose our Russian idea, which will renew the world, but we strengthened it; finally, we endured the German, and yet after all our people is immeasurably higher, nobler, more honest, more naïve, abler; full of a different idea, the highest Christian idea, which is not even understood by Europe with her moribund Catholicism

[1] Dostoevsky's friend and biographer.

and her stupidly self-contradictory Lutheranism. But I shan't go on about that! But it is so difficult for me to live without Russia, I have such a yearning for the country that I am positively wretched! I read the *Moscowskya Viedomosti* and *Golos*, every number to the very last letter! Good luck to the *Golos* for its new policy. I could say much, a great deal, to you, my friend; and what a mass of things have accumulated! But perhaps this year I shall embrace you. But I await your letters without fail. For the love of God, do write, my dear fellow. In my gloomy and tedious isolation—this is my sole comfort. Anna Gregorevna finds herself happy because she is with me. But I need you also, I need also my country.

In Switzerland there are still enough forests, there are still on its mountains incomparably more forests than there are in other countries of Europe, although they are diminishing terribly with each year. And now imagine: five months in the year there is awful cold and *bises* (north winds breaking through the chain of the mountains). And for three months—almost the same winter as we have. Everybody shivers from the cold, they don't take off their flannels and cotton-wool (they have no public baths—imagine now the uncleanliness to which they are accustomed); they don't provide themselves with winter clothes, they run about

almost in the same clothes as in the summer (and flannel alone is quite insufficient for such a winter), and with all this—not a grain of understanding how to improve their houses! Why, what use is a fireplace burning coal or wood, even if you were to keep it going all day long? And to keep it going all the time costs two francs a day. And what a lot of wood is consumed;—even then there 's no warmth. Why, if they had only double windows—then even with an open fireplace it might be tolerable! I won't ask them to introduce stoves; then all these forests could be saved. In twenty-five years' time nothing will be left of them. They live like veritable savages! But still they can put up with things! In my room, even when heated to the extreme, it is only 5° Centigrade (*five* degrees of warmth)! I sat in my overcoat, and in that cold waited for money, pawned things and thought out the plan of the novel—isn't it pleasant? They say that in Florence this winter there were nearly 10 degrees of cold. In Montpellier there were 15° Centigrade. In Geneva the cold did not rise higher than 8°; but still it is just as bad, if the water in the room freezes. Now I have lately changed my rooms, and we have now two nice rooms, one always cold, the other warm. Since therefore it is constantly 10° or 11° in the warm room life is tolerable. I have written so

much, but have not managed to say anything! That is why I don't like letters. The chief thing—I am awaiting a letter from you. For the love of God write as soon as you can: a letter to me, in my present depression, will have almost the value of a *good deed*. Yes, I have forgotten to ask you: don't tell any one what I have written you about the novel, for the time being. I don't want it to reach the *Russky Viestnik* by any chance; for I have told them a fib, having said that I had written a good deal *in the rough* and that I am now only reshaping and copying it. I shall manage to do it and—who knows?—perhaps on the whole it will turn out not a bad novel. But again about the novel; I tell you—I have gone mad about it.

My health is very satisfactory. I have fits only very rarely, and now it is two and a half or three months on end since I had any. My sincerest greetings to your parents.—Remember me also to Strahov when you see him. And tell him to remember me to Averkiev and Dolgomostiev, particularly to Dolgomostiev. Haven't you met him?

I embrace and kiss you.—Your true and loving

F. Dostoevsky.

My particular greetings to Anna Ivanovna.

I have had a letter from Yanovsky. He is a very good man, at times wonderful. I love him deeply.

II

To A. N. Maikov

GENEVA, $\frac{\textit{February } 18th}{\textit{March } 1st}$ 1868.

My good, precious and only friend—(all these epithets are applicable to you and I am happy in applying them)—don't be cross because of my unconscionable silence. Judge me with the same understanding and the same heart as before. My silence was *unconscionable*; but I almost literally could not answer you—although I did try several times. I have got stuck—my head and all my faculties—in Part II [of *The Idiot*], trying to complete it in time. I did not wish to spoil it definitely,—too much depends on its success. But now I don't want even success. I only want to avoid complete failure: in the subsequent parts I may still improve, for the novel is turning out a long one. I have at last sent off Part II also (I was too late, but I believe it will get there in time). What shall I tell you? Myself I can't say anything. So much so, that I am incapable of any opinion. I like the finale of Part II, but it is only myself who likes it; what will the readers say? As to all the rest, it is just as in Part I, *i.e.* I think it flags rather. For me it would be quite enough

if only the reader read it without great boredom, —I no longer claim any other success.

My dear friend, you promised me immediately after reading Part I to write your opinion of it to me here. And now I haunt the post office every day, but there is no letter, and you have probably had the *Russky Viestnik*. I draw the clear conclusion: the novel is weak, and since thanks to your delicacy you are too shy and sorry to tell me that truth to my face, you are postponing your reply. And I need just *that* truth! I long for any opinion. Without it it is pure torture. True, you wrote me two letters before the review was out; but it can't be that you, in such a matter, should be exacting about letters! But enough of that. If you knew, my friend, with what happiness I re-read your last letter again and again! If you only knew what my life here is like, and what the receipt of a letter from you means to me! I see nobody here, I hear of nothing, and from the beginning of the New Year even the newspapers (*Moscowskya Viedomosti* and *Golos*) have not been arriving. Anna Gregorevna and I live all by ourselves; but, although we live fairly harmoniously and love one another and besides are both busy, yet I, at least, am weary. Anna Gregorevna maintains perfectly sincerely (I am convinced of it) that she is very happy. Imagine, up till now we

have not yet been blessed, and the expected gentleman has not yet come into the world. I expect him every day, because there are all the symptoms. I expected him yesterday, on my birthday; he did not come. I await him to-day, but to-morrow he is sure to come.

Anna Gregorevna is waiting reverently, loves the coming guest boundlessly, and bears up cheerfully and firmly; but just recently her nerves have got on edge and at moments dark thoughts come to her: she is afraid she may die, etc. So that the situation is rather anxious and troublesome. Of money we have the very tiniest bit; but at any rate we are not in distress, though expenses are on the way. Yet in that state Anna Gregorevna has written shorthand and copied for me, and has also managed to sew and to prepare everything that is needed for the baby. The worst of all is that Geneva is too bad; a gloomy place. To-day is Sunday; there is nothing gloomier and nastier than their Sunday. To move to another place now is impossible; owing to my wife's illness we shall have to stay here for another five weeks, and then I am still in the dark as to money. The coming month will be a difficult one to me: my wife's illness, and Part III, which although it may be delayed, must be sent off regularly. And then comes Part IV; only then can I think of leaving

Geneva, towards May. It is a good thing that the winter here has become milder. The whole of February here was warm and bright, exactly as in Petersburg in April, on a bright day.

I am always, incessantly, interested in everything you may write to me here. In the newspapers I am always looking for something of the same kind, as it were for a needle in a bundle of hay—reflecting and conjecturing. The abomination and vileness of our literature and journalism I sense even here. And how naïve all that trash is! The *Sovremennik* and the others try their hardest with the same old Saltykovs and Eliseyevs —and the same old stale hatred for Russia, and the same old French Workers' Associations, and nothing but that. And Saltykov attacking the Zemstvo—all just as it should be. Our Liberals cannot help being at the one and same time inveterate enemies of Russia—conscious ones. Let anything succeed in Russia, let there be any profit for her—and their venom overflows. I have observed it a thousand times. Our extreme Radical party plays exactly the same game as the *Viest* [an extreme reactionary paper], nor can it be otherwise. And the cynicism and filthiness of all that riff-raff,—this I learn at times from the newspapers.

The editorial office sent me No. 1 of the *Russky Viestnik*. I have read it from the first page to the

last. There is nothing of yours there—you must have been either too late, or they keep you to adorn the February number—and in the January number there is Polonsky (a very fine poem), and Turgenev —with a very weak story [*The History of Lieutenant Yergunov*]. I read the review of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. How much I should like to read it all. I have read only half. It must be a capital thing; though it is a pity that there are so many small psychological details in it. There should be a wee bit less. Yet owing to those details what a lot of good there is in it!—For the love of God, write me oftener about literary matters. You mentioned the *Viestnik Europa* (is it Stasyulevich's?). It seems to me that we have quite enough reviews with those ideas.—Imagine: I know nothing about the *Moskva*, about the *Moskvich*.—Your *Sophia Alexeyevna* is a perfect beauty; but a thought flashed across me: how fine it would be, if such a 'Sophia Alexeyevna' could appear as an episode in a *whole poem* about those times, I mean, in *a poem about the Raskolniki* [a religious sect], or in a verse-novel about those times! Has such a design never entered your head? Such a poem would produce an enormous effect. Well now, well, what about your *Slovo o Polku Igoreve*—you do not say where it is going to be published? In the *Russky Viestnik*, probably. In that case I shall read it!

You can imagine with what impatience I await it. Apart from the reading which you have mentioned, —have you read it anywhere in public? Tell me all about it. What did you read at the Krylov anniversary, apart from what you sent me? I read about it in the papers; but it is not clear.

There seems to have been lately a kind of lull in Russia. I 've read lately only about the subscriptions for the famine-stricken. Slavdom and Slav aspirations must arouse a whole host of enemies among Russian Liberals. When will these obsolete and retrograde dregs be washed away! For a Russian Liberal can't be considered as anything but as obsolete and retrograde. The so-called 'educated society' of old is a motley collection of everything that has separated itself from Russia, that has not understood Russia and has become Frenchified,—that is what a Russian Liberal is, and that is why he is a reactionary. Recall the best Liberals—recall Bielinsky: isn't he a conscious enemy of his fatherland, isn't he a reactionary?

Well, they can go to the devil! Here I only meet filthy little Poles in the cafés, in huge crowds; —but I enter into no relations whatsoever with them. With the priest here [A. K. Petrov] I am not acquainted. But when the child is born, I shall have to meet him. But remember, my friend, that our priests, I mean those abroad, are not all like the

Wiesbaden one, of whom I spoke to you when I left Petersburg. (Have you met him? He is a rare creature; worthy, humble, with a sense of personal dignity, of an angelic purity of heart, and a passionate believer.) Well, God grant that the local one turns out a good one, although he must be spoilt by the aristocracy. Here, in Geneva (according to the *Journal des Etrangers*), there is a terrible number of Russian aristocrats; it only makes it the stranger that they have been wintering not in Montreux, for instance, but in Geneva where the climate is not good.

If I move anywhere, it will be to Italy; but this is still in the future, and at any rate I shall let you know immediately so that there should be no delay about the address. And you, for the love of Christ, write to me—I can't say that my health is very good. Since the spring my fits have been more frequent.—I read your account of your having served on a jury, and my heart thrilled with excitement.

Of our courts (from all that I have read) I have formed this opinion: The moral nature of our judges, and above all of our jurymen, is infinitely higher than the European; and crime is regarded from a Christian point of view. Even Russian traitors abroad agree about this. But one thing has not yet been really settled; in that humanity towards the criminal there still seems to me to be

a great deal of the theoretical, Liberal, non-independent. It does appear now and then. But judging at this distance I may be badly mistaken. At any rate in this respect our nature is infinitely higher than the European. And generally all our conceptions are more moral, and our Russian aims are higher than those of the European world. We have a more direct and noble belief in goodness, goodness as Christianity, and not as a bourgeois solution of the problem of comfort. A great renewal is about to descend on the whole world, through Russian thought (which, you are quite right, is solidly welded with Orthodoxy), and this will be achieved in less than a hundred years,—this is my passionate belief. But in order that this great object may be achieved, it is essential that the *political* right and supremacy of the Great-Russian race over the whole Slav world should be definitively and incontestably consummated. (And our little Liberals preach the division of Russia into federal states !)

I have again a most enormous favour to ask you, or rather two favours, and I hope for everything from your good heart and your brotherly sympathy to me. This is what it is about. I wrote to Katkov when I sent him Part II, asking him for 500 roubles. It is terrible—but what can I do ? I can't help asking. At first I had these dreams :

(1) To write the four parts (*i.e.* 23-24 folios), and (2) to write *well*,—and only then to approach Katkov with my great request. But I repeat—I can't help asking. Now, with Part II, I have sent to the office altogether 11½ folios,—it means approximately 1700 roubles. Altogether I owe them 4560 roubles (oh !), it means then I still owe them 2860 roubles, and in this state of affairs I am asking again for 500 roubles, *i.e.* raising my debt again to 2860+500=3360 roubles. But there is this to keep in view that by May 1st I shall again deliver the equivalent of 1700, and therefore there will still remain a debt of about 1700 roubles. I worried terribly, when sending that request for 500 roubles. If only the novel were good ! Then it would be more pardonable to ask. Will they send it me, or not,—I do not know. But however, in any case, I am telling you all about it and along with this come my two great requests. Request No. 1 : I asked Katkov, if he agreed to let me have the 500 roubles, to send me 300 roubles here, and 200 roubles to Petersburg, to you personally. And yet, in spite of the fact that you may perhaps receive these 200 roubles, I still remain a scoundrel towards you and can't pay you (who are certainly in need) not as much as a farthing ! Myself and Anna Gregorevna are so tormented by it that at times we speak of it at night ; but still my request

is—wait a little longer and thereby you will save me from awful sufferings. And my sufferings consist in this—request No. 2,—that I can't even imagine without horror what is happening now to Emily Fiodorovna. She has her son Fedya; but is it not cruel and is it not indecent on my part to rely and to throw all the burden of the family on this young man? He is young and timid and ought not to be allowed to waste his young years and certainly *may lose patience*,—and that leads to a wrong path. It might very, very easily lead there. I must help them: I am obliged to. Even if only a little. Besides them there is Pasha. There again it 's the same story: it is impossible for a young boy, a minor, to live by his own work,—it is impossible, absurd, and indecent on my part. Cruel! It means pushing him to perdition; he won't stand the strain. To me it was that Marie Dmitrievna [Dostoevsky's first wife] bequeathed him, it was her last request. And therefore I *implore you*, in case you receive the 200 roubles, to do this: give one hundred roubles to Emily Fiodorovna, and one hundred to Pasha, but give Pasha at first only 50 roubles (without telling him that you have another 50 roubles for him), and in two months' time give him the other 50 roubles. (Besides board and lodging, he must have a new supply of underwear, and clothes, he *needs* some other little

things, in a word he must have 50 roubles at once.) Those 200 roubles, if Katkov agrees, you will receive in a fortnight, or if he is late it may take a month. I shall tell Pasha not to call on you too early. You wrote me that on the former occasion they worried you very much; forgive them, my dear friend! To Emily Fiodorovna deliver the money yourself, or let her know through Pasha that she is to call on you to receive it. All this, of course, if you receive the money; I shall write to them. Well, that is my second request, I worry you extremely; but, my friend, save me from these sufferings.

To imagine their situation is such a pain to me that I would rather bear it myself. And to think that everything, my whole fate depends on the success of the novel! Oh, it 's hard to be a poet in such conditions! Now how different, for instance, are Turgenev's circumstances, and how dare he after that appear with his *Yergunov*! He himself literally told me that he was a German, and not a Russian, and he considered it an honour to reckon himself a German, and not a Russian, —this is the literal truth.

Good-bye for the present, my friend. What more than anything else makes me glad on your account is that you do not allow your spirit to be idle. Desires, ideals, and aims are fermenting in

you. That 's a great deal. In our time, if a man is seized with apathy, he is lost, dead, and buried. Good-bye, I embrace you closely and wish you all that is best. Write me, write me if only a few words about my novel. Even the tiniest thing.

I constantly read all the political news. There is an infinitude of lies ; but I am terribly scared by the weakening and lowering of our foreign policy lately. Apart from this in Russia herself the Sovereign's reforms have many enemies. The only hope is in him. He has already proved his firmness. God grant he may rule long !

Anna Gregorevna greets you, Anna Ivanovna and Eugenia Petrovna. I also ; please remember me to them. I somehow believe a Misha or a Sonia is going to make his appearance to-day,—this has already been settled.[1]—Good-bye, my dear friend. Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

III

To A. N. Maikov

Geneva, $\frac{\textit{3rd March}}{\textit{20th February}}$ 1868.

Now I 'm again writing you a few lines, my dear friend Apollon Nicolayevich, and again to make an extraordinary request. (Did you receive my letter

[1] Sophie or Sonia Dostoevsky was born 22nd February 1868.

of yesterday in which I wrote to you that Katkov might perhaps send you in two or three weeks' time two hundred roubles? I asked you most earnestly to help me and to divide that money (one hundred to Emily Fiodorovna, fifty to Pasha at once, and to keep the remaining fifty (also for Pasha), without telling him about it, and to hand it over to him after two months). Owing to an urgent cause and an important reason I must dispose of the money differently. Namely: hand over one hundred to Emily Fiodorovna, and *fifty* to Pasha *now*; give the remaining fifty roubles, my dear friend, to Anna Nicolayevna Snitkin, Anna Gregorevna's mother. You may let her know through Pasha that she should call on you to get it. Or rather we ourselves will write to her, and she will call on you. When leaving Petersburg we pawned, I believe, all our movables, all our furniture, and all our things. For a whole year Anna Nicolayevna paid the interest (a very high one too) for us out of her pocket; but now she herself has great expenses, and although she does not ask us for money to pay the interest and continues to pay it as before,—we must help her now and just at this moment. And Pasha, I will send to somehow, if I have money later, in two months' time.

Don't disappoint me, my precious friend, don't disappoint me; but do all these commissions which

have a most vital importance for me, I earnestly entreat you. I shall try my best to prevent them all from worrying you much; I will ask them. Good-bye for the present. I embrace you closely. —Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

P.S.—Last night I had a fit, so violent, that I have not recovered yet and I am aching all over; in particular my head aches unbearably.

P.S.—I am so distracted, everything is muddled up in my head because of the fit. I wrote a letter to Pasha, a *most urgent* one; but, although he has given me his address, I am afraid to send it to him, because he may have moved again to new rooms, and I ask you to hand over the letter to him. My dear friend, Apollon Nicolayevich, forgive me for all this unconscionable trouble I am giving you; but the letter to Pasha, which I enclose here, is so highly important to me and it deals with a question so affecting my heart and soul that nothing can be more important to me than its speedy delivery. Be my benefactor. You have only to send this letter to him through some one at the Address-Office. It is close to where you live and you will find it at once.—In any event, I also inscribe on the letter the address of Pasha's late rooms, which also are not far from your house. Be my benefactor and deliver it to him immediately.

IV

To A. N. Maikov

GENEVA, *March* $\frac{2nd}{14th}$ 1868.

Most kind and true friend, Apollon Nicolayevich, I received your letter, thank you extremely. But I am in the most terrible agitation and anxiety; for I have received a letter (from Anna Nicolayevna, my wife's mother) with strange news: that Pasha had called on her, ridden the high horse, said that 'he does not want to know whether I am in need, that I am obliged to keep him'; that since a good deal of money was expected from Katkov, he was going to Moscow, would see Katkov personally, would explain to him his position and ask him for money, on my account. Anna Nicolayevna *positively* informs me that he has already left for Moscow (on the 5th February, old style), and that he has quarrelled with his chiefs and she is afraid of his being dismissed.

Can you imagine now my situation? What is my position in the eyes of Katkov? Myself I blush for my affairs, and each time I am positively afraid to apply to Katkov because they have treated me so decently and well, and this ties my hands terribly. Without having yet seen a single line, they have trusted me to the extent of 500 roubles

in advance (me, a sick man, abroad; and, as ill-luck would have it, I have just asked for another 500 roubles!). How terrible to think of Pasha coming and interrupting Katkov in his occupations, which are really enormous, and beginning to shout, and perhaps even to be insolent, and of course blackening my character as much as he can! —Finally. Yesterday I pawned my last coat. I have thirty francs only, and forty to pay to the nurse; I have to pay the midwife 100 francs, 120 francs for the rooms and attendance due by March 20th, *i.e.* in six days' time (prices this month are higher), and 300 francs I owe for the things pawned. In six days at the latest my 30 francs will come to an end, and then—not a brass farthing, nothing to pawn, and my whole credit exhausted. My whole hope was that Katkov would agree to my request about the 500 roubles, would send you two hundred (as I had written), and would send me 300 roubles here, and those 300 would come here by March 20th, that is, in six days' time. Now what shall I do if Pasha makes him angry and finally exhausts his patience (for any man may lose patience at last in certain circumstances), and he answers me with a refusal. Well, what shall I do then? Then I am done for, absolutely done for, because my wife has now been confined and is ill. And at this moment I receive your letter.

The date is not put down; but on the envelope is the mark of the Petersburg post office dated February 26th.

In that letter you say not a single word about this. Then perhaps it is untrue. And yet Anna Nicolayevna asserts it *positively*. In that case, it is perhaps true; but you are not aware of it (for it is indeed difficult for you to know, just for the reason that if he had made up his mind to do this, he certainly would have avoided meeting you). I sit now crushed and broken and do not know what to do. I had thought of writing to-day to Katkov and apologising to him, by explaining to him the whole circumstances; for, firstly, as regards Katkov personally I feel so ashamed that I could sink into the ground, and secondly, as regards the money I am afraid that he may get cross and not send it. On the other hand, suppose I send the letter, and all this turns out untrue? I had better make up my mind to write to-morrow and to send to-morrow (the letter to Katkov). If only some news would arrive to enlighten me! But there is no news coming from anywhere! But to wait is dangerous, and also difficult. At any rate I *implore* you, my dear friend: investigate this business and send me news immediately, or I shall die of anguish. But if it is not true, if Pasha only talked, but did not act, I mean, did not go to

Moscow, did not speak to Katkov and did not even write to him (it is almost the same thing, writing and seeing him personally),—then please do not tell Pasha that I have learnt it from Anna Nicolayevna. I am afraid he will be very rude to her. In a word, *in any event*, not a word to him about Anna Nicolayevna. I regard you as my Providence. I 'll send Katkov a letter after all; I must. If Pasha is not to blame,—if he did not go to Katkov, certainly what I write won't do him any great harm: the prank of a young man who is not known there at all. For my own part I must tell you that I am sorry for Pasha; I do not blame him very much: indeed, it 's a case of youth and lack of self-control. It must be excused, and he should not be treated harshly; for, being such a little fool, it won't take him long to go to the dogs. And I imagined that he had grown sensible and realised that he was already nearly 21 years old, and ought to work, since there was no capital. I thought that having obtained employment he at last realised that honest work was his duty, just as it is the duty of every one, and that he must not act *stubbornly* and without listening to any one, as though he had made a vow *to do nothing* and would not stir. And he, as I see it now, imagined *that he was doing me a favour* by having secured employment. And who put it into his head that

I was *obliged* to keep him for ever, even after 21 ? His words to Anna Nicolayevna (which must certainly be true)—' I don't want to know whether he is himself in need ; he is obliged to keep me ' —are too significant in a certain sense to me. This means that he *does not love* me. Certainly I am the last to blame him, and I know how little an impulse or an arrogant word may mean, that is, I know that a word is not an act. All my life long I will help him and I want to do so. But there 's the point : has he done much for himself ? It is only for the last three months that he has had no allowance from me. Yet during these three months he received from me 20 roubles in cash, and I paid his debt of 30 roubles to Emily Fiodorovna. And so, really what he has not received *only* amounts to one month's allowance ! And already he has managed to get into a fever about it ! It means, then, that the man must be incapable of doing anything for himself ! It is not a comforting thought. Out of my very last resources I am now sending money both to him and to Emily Fiodorovna. And yet I am convinced that at Emily Fiodorovna's they are running me down for all they are worth. And added to all this I am a sick man. What would happen if I were unable to work—what then ?

My dear friend, you alone are my Providence and

true friend! Your letter of yesterday revived me. I have never had anything harder and more difficult to bear in my life: on February 22nd (old style)—my wife (after awful pains lasting 30 hours) bore me a daughter and is still ill, and you can consequently imagine how my nerves are on edge. The least bit of unpleasant news has to be kept back from her; for she loves me so much. Sonia, the baby, is a healthy, big, handsome, lovely, superb baby: positively half the day I kiss her and can't go away from her. This is good; but what is bad is this: all the money I have is 30 francs; everything to the very last rag, mine and my wife's, has been pawned. My debts are urgent, pressing, *immediate*. My whole hope is in Katkov, and the incessant thought: suppose he does not send? The exasperating news about Pasha; my terrible and continuous fear which does not allow me to sleep at night: what if Anya falls ill? (To-day is the tenth day.) And I have no means of calling in a doctor or of buying medicine; Part III of the novel, *which is not yet begun*, which I undertook on my word of honour to deliver to the Editor by the first of April (old style); the whole plan of Parts III and IV *radically* altered last night, for the third time (and therefore, at least, another three days needed for the thinking out of the new arrangement); the increased strain on my nerves

and the number and violence of my fits,—there you have my condition!

In addition to all this,—up to the coming of your letter,—complete despair on account of the failure and badness of my novel, and consequently, without mentioning my anguish as an author,—the conviction that all hopes have vanished, for all my hopes were fixed on the novel! Imagine, then, how your letter gladdened me; am I not right now in calling you my Providence? Indeed in my present circumstances you are just the same to me, as my dead brother Misha was.

And so you gladden me with the news of my success. It gives me new heart. Part III I shall complete and send off by April 1st. Haven't I written as much as 11½ folios in two months! I implore you, my dear friend, when you have read the finale of Part II (*i.e.* in the February number), write me immediately. Believe me, your words to me are a well-spring of living water. I was inspired when I wrote that finale and it cost me two fits one after another. But I may have exaggerated and lost my sense of proportion, and therefore I await your impartial criticism. Oh, my dear friend, do not condemn me for this anxiety, as if it were the anguish of ambition. Ambition, of course, there is, could one do without it?—But here my chief motives, I call God to witness, are different.

In the case of this novel too much is at stake, in every way.

Your letters always stimulate me and for several days on end *act as leaven* on everything in me. I should awfully like to have a talk with you about certain things. This time I have confined myself to family trifles ; wait till next time. Surely it is the same Danilevsky, the late Fourierist, who was mixed up in our affair ? Yes, he has a strong head. But in the *Journal of the Ministry of Education* ! It has a small circulation, it is little read. Can't it be published separately ? Oh, how much I should like to read it ! . . .

Write me about yourself as much as you can. My greetings to all yours. My wife loves you deeply and sends her greetings to Anna Ivanovna. She is in ecstasies over her work, and I too. As regards *The Idiot*, I am so much afraid, so much afraid,—that you can't even imagine my fear. A kind of unnatural fear even ; which has never beset me before ! . . . What depressing, trifling letters I am writing you ! I embrace you closely.—Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

Anyhow I shall write more often now.

Anya burst into tears when she read in your letter about the success of *The Idiot*. She says that she is proud of me.

V

To A. N. Maikov

GENEVA, $\frac{\textit{March 20th}}{\textit{April 2nd}}$ 1868.

Kindest and good friend, Apollon Nicolayevich, first of all I thank you, my dear friend, most deeply for the execution of all my commissions which have turned out so troublesome, and in doing which you have had to run about so much. Forgive me for worrying you; but indeed you are the only man on whom I can rely (which is no excuse at all for worrying you). Secondly—I thank you for your greetings, congratulations, and wishes of happiness for us three. You are right, my good friend, you have described from nature the feeling of being a father, and you have taken your beautiful words from nature: all is perfectly true. I have had, now almost for a month, feelings utterly new and hitherto completely unknown to me; from the moment when I saw my Sonia for the first time up to this minute when we have just been washing her, by our common efforts, in the tub. Yes, an angelic soul has flown into our house too. But I shall not describe to you my sensations. They grow and develop with each day. Now, my dear friend: last time when I wrote to you in such anxiety, I forgot (!) to tell you that as far back as last year

in Dresden, Anya and I had agreed (and she scolded me terribly for having forgotten to tell you) *that you are to be Sonia's godfather.* My dear friend, don't refuse! It is now nearly ten months since we decided on it. If you refuse, it will bring Sonia unhappiness: the first godfather and he refused! But you will not refuse, dear friend. I add, that this will not cause you the least possible trouble; and as to our becoming related by compaternity —so much the better. The godmother is Anna Nicolayevna. Did she tell you? For the love of God let me know your answer as soon as possible —for it is needed for the christening. It is now nearly a month, and she is not yet christened! (Could it be like that in Russia?) And your god-daughter (I am sure she is your goddaughter)—I inform you—is very good-looking in spite of the fact that she takes after me impossibly, even ridiculously—to the verge of strangeness even. I would not believe it if I did not see it myself. The baby is only about a month old; but she has perfectly my expression of face, my complete physiognomy,—up to the wrinkles on her forehead, —she lies in her cot as though she were composing a novel! I don't speak about the features. Her forehead is like mine, even strangely so. It should of course follow that she is not very good-looking (for I am a beauty only in the eyes of Anna Gregor-

evna—and seriously a beauty to her, I tell you !). But you, an artist yourself, know excellently well that it is possible to look exactly like a plain person, and yet to be very lovely. Anna Gregorevna is extremely keen on your being godfather. She loves you and Anna Ivanovna very much and respects you boundlessly.

You are too much of a prophet : you prophesy that now that I have new cares I shall become an *egoist*, and this, unfortunately (since anything else was impossible), has come true. Imagine : all this month I have not written *a single line* ! My God, how am I treating Katkov, my promises, my words of honour, my obligations ! I was incredibly glad when, because of my confession that I might be late in view of my wife's confinement, the *Russky Viestnik* announced at the end of Part I of my novel, that the continuation would follow in the April, not in the March number. But, alas ! even for getting it ready for the April number only twenty days remain now (I am awfully behind !), and not a single line is written. To-morrow I am writing to Katkov to apologise,—but they can't make a fur coat out of my promises. And yet I must manage to have it ready for the April number, although the time is so short. And meanwhile, apart from all the rest, all my existence (as regards money) depends on them. In truth a

desperate position! But what can I do: the whole month has passed in extraordinary fears, troubles and anxieties. And I have not slept for whole nights on end, not only on account of moral anxieties, but because I could not help myself. And with epilepsy it is awful. My nerves are upset now to the last degree. March here was disgustingly bad,—with snow and frost, almost as bad as in Petersburg. Anna Gregorevna was terribly upset physically (don't for the world tell Anna Nicolayevna, for she will imagine God knows what. Simply that Anya could not recover for a long time, and added to this, she nurses the child herself). She has little milk. We also use the bottle. Still the baby is very healthy (touch wood!). And Anya is beginning to go out for walks. It is now the third day of wonderful sunny weather and the first shoots of green. I can hardly recover yet from all this. Then there 's the awful trouble, —money. They have sent us 300 roubles. This, owing to the exchange, is 1025 francs. But we have almost nothing left. Expenses have increased, we had to pay our former debts, to redeem the pawned things, and exactly three weeks from now great expenses are imminent on account of our having to move into other rooms (they are turning us out of these because of the baby's crying), and, besides, certain payments must be made,—terrible! And

we have also, beginning from to-day, to exist for at least two months before we can hope to receive any more money from the *Russky Viestnik*. But I can get nothing from the *R.V.* until I have delivered Part II, and when am I going to write it? Again perhaps in 18 days, the time it took me to write the instalment published in the January number? Your disposition of the money was very good. And though it is too bad of me to trouble you, do send me the remaining 25 roubles here, to Geneva, *if possible at once*. The last extreme of need! (N.B.—Simply put a 25-rouble note in a letter, register it, so that it shall not be lost, and send it to my address.)

I am very glad that you handed over to Pasha 50, and not 25 roubles. That is good. I am awfully glad that he has got employment. My dear friend, look him up, if only now and then! When I write to him, I shall tell him that, having learnt from you that you have given him 25 roubles on credit, I have already repaid you. But I want to know this: isn't Pasha going to write me anything and congratulate me about Sonia? Others have congratulated me: you, Strahov, the Moscow people, Petersburg friends of Anna Gregorevna; but Pasha—not only have I received nothing from him lately, but I have had no reply to the letter I sent him about six weeks ago, addressed to you

(did you receive it ? Somehow you did not mention it). On this point, *extremely important*: After all I do not know whether he was in Moscow or not ? Did he go to Katkov ? It is very important for me to know. Remember, I sent Katkov a long letter of apology, solely on that account ! I must know. Can't you get to know the truth about it, my dear friend, for the love of Christ ! . . . (Emily Fiodorovna I have officially, solemnly notified that a daughter has been born to me ; but nothing, no reply from her !) Moreover, on the previous occasion, she sent me no answer to my extremely important question about their flat and Alonkin the landlord. It surprises even me. Indeed it is quite disgustingly rude !

As regards my will and all your other advice, I have always been of exactly the same opinion myself. But, my friend, my sincere and devoted friend (perhaps my only one !),—why do you consider me so good and generous ? No, my friend, no, I am not so good as all that, and this troubles me. And Pasha—poor Marie Dmitrievna gave him into my charge on her deathbed ! How could I desert him ? (You yourself didn't advise it.) No, no, I must help him, moreover, I love him sincerely ; indeed for over ten years I brought him up in my house ! He is like a son to me. We lived together. And to leave him to his own resources so young,

and alone,—how can I possibly do it? After all, however poor I may be, help him I must. True, he is a great lazybones; but in truth I myself, at his age, was perhaps even worse (I remember it). Now he should be supported. To leave a good and pleasant impression on his heart now will help him in his later development. And that he is now employed and works for himself,—I am awfully, awfully glad of it,—let him do some work. And you I embrace and kiss as a brother for having gone to Rasin and secured the post for him there. . . . As for Emily Fiodorovna, there again my dead brother Misha is concerned. And indeed you do not know what he was to me—all my life, from my first conscious moments! No, you don't know! Fedya is my godson, moreover he is a young man, who is earning his bread by hard work. And in his case, *if only it is possible*, I must help at times (for he is a young man; everything ought not to be thrown on his shoulders,—it is too hard). And yourself, my dear friend, why do you make yourself out to be so practical and egotistical: didn't you lend me 200 roubles and didn't you lose nearly 2000 roubles by my brother Misha's death and the failure of the review! Yet I should not have broached these subjects. At any rate, I consider your advice perfectly correct.—And as for myself, there 's a very appropriate proverb: 'Don't boast

when going to war.' And I say this because I have been harping on my obligation to help and so on. And how can I tell what is going to happen to myself?

However ugly, however beastly living abroad has become to me, do you know that at times I think with fear of what will happen to my health when it pleases God to permit me to return to Petersburg? If my fits occur here so often,—what would it be like there? I am positively losing my mental faculties, for instance, my memory. . . . All that you write about Russia, and especially your mood (rose-coloured), makes me very happy. It is perfectly true that it is not worth while paying attention to various particular cases: it is only the whole that should be considered, its impetus and aim, and all the rest is bound to come as part of the tremendous regeneration which is taking place under the present great Sovereign. My friend, you really look at things exactly as I do, and you have at last expressed what I was saying, saying aloud three years ago, at the time I was editing the review; but it was not understood, namely: that our constitution is the mutual love of the Monarch for the people and of the people for the Monarch. This principle of the Russian State, the principle of love not of strife (which I believe was first discovered by the Slavophils), is the greatest

of all ideas, an idea on which much will be built. This idea we shall proclaim to Europe, which does not understand anything at all about it. Our wretched, uprooted tribe of clever ones, alas! was sure to end like that. They will die like that, they can't be reborn. (Take Turgenev, now!) But the newest generation—it is there we have to look. (Classical education might be of great assistance. What is Katkov's Lyceum?) While here abroad, with regard to Russia I have finally become a complete monarchist. If any one has done anything in Russia, it is obviously the Tsar alone. (But not on this account only, but simply because he is the Tsar, beloved by the Russian people, beloved for himself and because he is the Tsar. With us the people have given and give their love to every Tsar, and only in him do they finally believe. To the people it is a mystery, a priesthood, an anointment.) Our Westerners understand nothing about this; they pride themselves on basing themselves on facts, and they overlook the primary, the greatest fact of our history. I like your idea of the pan-Slav significance of Peter the Great. It is the first I have heard of this idea and it is a perfectly true one. But there: I read the *Golos* here. Terribly distressing facts are at times described in it. For instance, about the chaotic state of our railways

(the newly constructed ones), about affairs in the Zemstvos, about the awful condition of the colonies. The dreadful misfortune is that we still have so few men of executive capacity. Talkers there are, but men who do things—you can count them on your fingers. Of course I 'm not referring to administrators in high positions, but simply to officials of all kinds in general, a whole host of whom is needed, and who are not there. For the courts, for the juries, perhaps there are plenty of men. But what about the railways? And the other public services? It is a terrible conflict of new men and new demands with the old order. I do not speak of inspiring them with an idea: free-thinkers we have in plenty, but Russian men are but few. The chief thing—the self-realisation of the Russian man in oneself—that is what is needed. And how greatly publicity helps the Tsar and all Russians,—even the hostile publicity of the Westerners. I long for us to have political railways soon (the Smolensk-Kiev railway: as soon as possible), and also new guns as soon as possible! Why is Napoleon increasing his army, and thus running the risk of making himself unpopular with his people, at such a critical moment? The devil knows why. But it won't end well for Europe. (I 'm deeply convinced of this somehow.) Awkward, if we get mixed up in it. If they would

only wait a couple of years. Nor is it Napoleon alone. Apart from Napoleon the future is threatening, and we must be prepared for it. Turkey is on its last legs; Austria is in much too abnormal a state (I only analyse the elements, but form no judgment); there is the damned problem of the proletariat, in its acute stage, in the West (which is not even mentioned in the politics of the day!), and, lastly, chiefly, Napoleon is an old man in indifferent health. He won't live long. As long as he lives he will be involved in more failures, and the Buonapartes will become still more loathsome to the French,—what will happen then? For this contingency Russia must prepare herself without fail and without delay; for it may come to pass very soon.

How glad I am that the Heir Apparent has revealed himself to Russia in such a good and noble manner, and that Russia testifies her hopes in him and her love for him, as to a Father. God grant that our Alexander live happily for another forty years. He alone has done for Russia almost more than all his predecessors taken together. And the most important thing is that he is so much loved. This is now the *mainstay* of the whole Russian movement; on it alone all regeneration is based. Oh, my friend, how I should love to come back, how sickening my life is here! A bad

life. And, above all, my work does not go right. If only I could finish the novel satisfactorily, how good it would be! This is the beginning of my whole future. Anna Gregorevna does not feel homesick, and sincerely says she is happy; but I am nauseated. I go nowhere and see no one. And even if I had acquaintances I don't think I should go to them, I have completely lost my bearings,—and yet my work does not come off. At five o'clock every day I leave the house for two hours and go to the café to read Russian newspapers! I know no one here, and I 'm glad of it. It is horrible to meet our *clever ones*. Poor! Insignificant! Rubbish, puffed up with self-love! Sh . . .! Loathsome! By chance I met Herzen in the street; we talked for ten minutes in a hostile-polite tone, mockingly, and then parted. No, I shan't go. How far behind the times, how terribly backward they are, and they understand nothing! And puffed up, how terribly puffed up they are! I read here greedily the announcements in the papers about the appearance of the numbers of the reviews and the lists of contents. How strange are the titles and lists of contents of publications like the *Otechestvennya Zapiski*! Yes, rags instead of flags, that is true! My dear friend, don't give them anything, wait. And the question as to where to publish your things seems to worry you. Don't

be worried, my friend. I am writing hastily now, or I would have a good talk with you. I have an idea for you; but its exposition would require a whole letter, and now I have no time. I will write soon. This idea I conceived apropos your 'Sophia Alexeyevna.' And believe me, it is serious, do not laugh! I will expound it to you. It is neither novel nor poem. But it is so deeply needed, it is so necessary, and so original and new and of such an urgent, Russian tendency, that you yourself will be surprised! I shall expound the programme to you. It is a pity I must do it in a letter and not do it in friendly talk. Through it you might become famous, and it is important that you should bring it out as a book, after having previously published a few fragments. The book *should* sell enormously.—So you have finished your translation of the Apocalypse? And I thought you had given it up. Certainly it cannot possibly escape the ecclesiastical censorship, not possibly; but if you have translated perfectly accurately, then of course it will pass. I received a letter from Strahov. It made me happy. I want to answer him as soon as possible; but as he did not give his address (he forgot!) I shall answer him through you. And I shall ask you to let him have the letter.

My dear friend, do write to me more frequently. You can't believe what your letters mean to me!

To-day is already the third of April of the new style, and the 25th is the last day (absolutely the last) for the delivery of the novel, and *I have not a line, not a single line* written! Lord, what shall I do? Well, good-bye, I kiss and embrace you. Anya greets you, and we both greet Anna Ivanovna. —Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

P.S.—For the love of God, tell me everything you hear (if only you do hear) about *The Idiot.* I must, must, must know without fail! For the love of God! The finale of Part II—about which I wrote to you—is the same as that published at the end of Part I. And I relied on it so much! Though I still believe in the perfect fidelity of the character of Nastasya Filipovna. By the way, many little things at the end of Part I are taken from life, and certain characters are simply portraits,—for instance, General Ivolgin and Kolya. But perhaps your opinion is quite true.

VI

To A. N. Maikov

Florence, *May* $\frac{15th}{27th}$, 1869.

What a long, long time I have refrained from replying to your good sincere words, my good and only friend! But you are right; for of all those

whom I have happened to meet and to live with for the last forty-eight years, you and you alone I consider as a man after my heart. Of all those I have met, during all these forty-eight years, I have hardly one, hardly a single one like you (I do not speak of my dead brother). You and I, although we do not mix in the same society, yet in heart, in soul, in our cherished convictions and in our cordial intercourse, are almost chums. Even our intellectual conclusions and those derived from our experience have of late begun to be strangely similar, and I think the ardour of our hearts is the same. Judge, for instance, from this fact, my dear friend. Do you remember last year, I believe it was in the summer and I believe exactly a year ago (as far as I remember, before the summer holidays), I wrote you a letter (to which I received no answer from you for three or four months; at that point our correspondence was interrupted, and when it started again in the autumn, we began to write about completely different things and forgot where we had stopped in the summer). Well, in that letter, at the end, I wrote you, full of serious and profound rapture, of a *new idea* that had occurred to me, strictly for you, for your use. (The idea occurred by itself, as something independent and as a complete whole; but as I could not possibly regard myself as the person who ought

to realise that idea, I naturally destined it, or wished to destine it for you. So perhaps it was born in me *for you*, indeed, as I have already said, or rather indissolubly connected with your image, as *a poet*.) If you had answered me immediately then, in the summer, I would have sent you a comprehensive explanation of the idea, with full details; I had then thought out what to write to you to the last line. But I think it is as well that you did not reply then. Judge: my idea consisted then in this (I 'll say only a few words about it now) that a series of legends, ballads, songs, little poems, romances—call them what you like—might be composed in attractive, fascinating verses, in such verses as can be learnt by heart without the least effort,—which is always the case with profound and beautiful verses; here the essence and even the metre depend on the soul of the poet, and they come suddenly, completely ready in his soul, even independently of himself. . . . I 'll make a long digression: a poem, in my view, makes its appearance like a virgin precious stone, a diamond, completely ready in the poet's soul, in all its essence; and that is the first act of the poet, as *creator and maker*; the first part of his creation. If you like, it is not even he who is the creator, but life, the mighty essence of life, the God living and real, concentrating his power

in the diversity of creation *here and there*, and most often in the great heart and in the great poet, so that if the poet himself is not the creator (and one ought to agree that he is not, especially you, a master and poet yourself; for indeed the creation comes suddenly out of the poet's soul far too completely, far too definitely, far too finished)—well, if the poet himself is not the creator, then at any rate his soul is that very same mine, which begets diamonds and without which they cannot be found anywhere. Then follows the poet's *second* act less profound and mysterious, but that in which the poet is concerned as artist,—the business of cutting and polishing the diamond which he has obtained. Here the poet is almost a jeweller. Now, in this series of legends in verse (in thinking of those legends I thought at times of your poem, *Clermont Cathedral*) should be depicted from the very outset —with love and with *our thought*,—and with a Russian conception,—the whole of Russian history, those moments and points being distinguished in which at certain times and in certain places it as it were concentrated itself and manifested itself, all of it, suddenly, in its complete wholeness. Such all-revealing moments can be found, throughout the ages, ten at least, perhaps even rather more. Well now, to seize those points and to tell them in a *legend, to all and sundry*, but not as a simple

chronicle, no, but as a sincere poem, even without strict adherence to the facts (but with extraordinary clarity); to seize the chief point and to relate it so that men can see out of what idea the poem was begotten, with what love and pain it was brought to light. But without egoism, *without words from oneself*, but naïvely, as *naïvely* as possible, with love for Russia streaming forth as from a living spring, —and nothing else. Imagine to yourself that in the third or fourth legend (I composed them all in my mind then and went on composing them long afterwards) I took the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II (and this came directly and involuntarily as a legend from *Russian history*, by itself and without design; afterwards I wondered, at the way—without hesitation, reflection, or conscious thought—it had occurred to me to connect the capture of Constantinople with Russian history, without the faintest doubt). To relate all that catastrophe in a naïve and concise account! The Turks closely investing Tsargrad (Constantinople); the last night before the assault at dawn; the last Emperor walking in the Palace. . . .

('The King pacing with long strides.')

The prayer before the image of Our Lady; the prayer; the assault; the fight; the Sultan with a bloody sword entering Constantinople. At the Sultan's command the body of the last Emperor

searched for and found among a heap of the slain ; and recognised by the eagles embroidered on his boots ; Saint Sophia, the trembling Patriarch, the last Mass, the Sultan on his horse dashing up the stairs into the middle of the Church (*historique*). Having reached the middle he stops his horse in confusion, looks round musingly, anxiously, and utters the words : ' Here is the house of prayer for Allah ! ' Whereupon the ikons and the Communion table are thrown out, the altar is destroyed, a mosque is erected, the corpse of the Emperor is buried ; and the last of the Palæologi appears in the Kingdom of Russia with a double-headed eagle for her dowry ; the Russian wedding ; Ivan III in his wooden hut, instead of a palace, and into this wooden hut passes the great ideal of the pan-Orthodox significance of Russia, and there is laid the first stone of the future hegemony of the East ; there the circle of Russia's future destinies is extended ; there is laid down the idea not only of a great state, but of a whole new world, which is destined to renew Christianity by the pan-Slav, pan-Orthodox idea and to introduce a *new* idea to mankind. Then comes the disintegration of the West, a disintegration which will occur when the Pope distorts Christ finally and thereby begets atheism in the defiled humanity of the West.

Nor is this idea concerned with that epoch alone ;

I had another idea, along with the picture of the wooden hut and of the wise Prince—cherishing a grand and profound ideal, of the Metropolitan, in poor clothes, sitting with the Prince, and of 'Fominishna,' gladly settled in Russia. — Suddenly, in another ballad, we pass to a description of the end of the 15th and of the beginning of the 16th century in Europe, Italy, the Papacy, art in the churches and Raphael, the worship of Apollo Belvedere, the first rumours of the Reformation, of Luther, America, gold, Spain and England,—a whole vivid picture, parallel to all the preceding Russian pictures,—but with hints of the future of that picture, of future science, of atheism, of the *rights of man*, realised in the Western way, and not in ours,—all which serve as the source of all that is and will be. In my ardent musings I also thought that the legend ought not to end with Peter the Great, for instance, on whom a specially fine utterance and fine poem is needed,—a legend based on a bold and *frank* point of view, *on our point of view*. I would go as far as Biron and Katherine and even further, —I would go as far as the liberation of the peasants and up to the wanderings of the aristocrats all over Europe with their last paper rouble notes, and their ladies copulating with the Borghesans, up to the preaching of atheism by seminary students, up to the appearance of omni-human citizens of the world,

up to the Russian Counts who write criticisms and stories, etc. etc. The Poles would have to occupy much space. Then I would finish with imaginary pictures of the future: of Russia after two centuries, and alongside with her—of the eclipsed, lacerated, and brutalised Europe, with her civilisation. Here I would not stop *at any imagination*. . . .

You consider me at this moment certainly mad, strictly and chiefly because I have written so much; for all this ought to be spoken of personally and not written about. For in a letter one can't say anything intelligibly. But I have become excited. You see, when I read in your letter that you were writing those ballads, I was struck with wonder: I wondered how it is that to us, separated for so long, the same idea, of the same poem, has occurred? I was made happy by this and then I began to think: Do we understand this properly, in the same way? You see, my idea is that the ballads could become a great national work and would contribute mightily to the regeneration of the consciousness of the Russian. Why, Apollon Nicolayevich, every schoolboy will know and learn these poems by heart. But having learnt a poem, he will also learn the idea and attitude, and as this attitude is true, it will abide in his *soul* all his life long. Since the verses and poems are comparatively short, the whole reading world of Russia will read them, as they

read your *Clermont Cathedral*, which even now many know by heart. And therefore—it is not only a poem and a literary work,—it is science, it is preaching, it is an heroic act. When last year I wanted to write to you and urge you to set to work on that idea, I thought to myself: How shall I tell it him so that he will understand me completely?—And suddenly, a year later, you yourself become *inspired with the same idea* and find it necessary to *write it*! It means, then, the idea is true! But one thing, one thing is needed, without fail: the poems must have an extraordinary poetic charm, they must carry the reader away, carry him away without fail, carry him away to the point of being involuntarily learnt by heart. My friend! remember, that perhaps all your poetical career up till now was only a *preface*, only *an introduction*, and that only now you will have the power to utter the *new word*, *your new word*! And therefore look at the matter more seriously, more deeply, and with more enthusiasm. And above all,—simplicity and naïveté! And remember this too: write in rhymes, and not in the old Russian metre. Do not laugh! It is important. *Rhyme now is simplicity, and the old Russian metre is academism.* Not a single poem in unrhymed verse is learnt by heart. The people no longer compose songs in the old metre, but compose in rhymes. If there are to be no rhymes (and no ballad metre),

—really you 'll ruin the thing. You may laugh at me; but I tell you the truth! The crude truth!

About Yermak [the conqueror of Siberia] I can't say anything; you certainly know better than I. In my notion, there is at first the Cossack dare-devilry, vagabondage and brigandage. Then is shown the man-genius under a sheep-skin coat; he divines the magnitude of his work and its future significance; but only when his whole work has made a favourable start and is running smoothly. There is born a Russian *feeling*, an orthodox feeling of being one with the Russian root (and it may even be a direct feeling, something of a nostalgia), and thence comes his embassy and homage to the great Russian King who completely expresses, in the popular conception, the Russian people. (N.B.—The chief and completest expression of that conception reached its full, ultimate development, do you know when, to my thinking? In our century. Certainly I am speaking of the people, and not of putrefied seminarists and aristocrats.)

But enough of this now. I only believe this: that you and I agree in ideas, and I am glad of it. Please send me something of what you have written, and if possible, send me a good deal. I shall not misuse it. You yourself can see that it interests me to the point of *agitation*.

You will ask: why didn't I write to you for so

long? But I have been silent for so long, that I find it difficult even to answer the question. Chiefly—nostalgia; but were I to speak and to explain further, then there would be a great deal to tell. But my nostalgia is such, that if I were by myself, I should fall ill of anguish. It is a good thing that I am with Anna Gregorevna, who as you know is again expecting to be confined. These expectations agitate us both. (We have Anna Gregorevna's mother staying with us now, and in Anna's present state this is necessary.) It was a great disappointment to me to have to remain in Florence, when a month ago we had decided to move to Dresden. All this happened for lack of money. It ended in my promising a story (it will be a very short one [1]) to the *Zarya*. My dear Nicolay Nicolayevich [Strahov] (who is perhaps cross with me now) arranged that affair (he gave 125 roubles to Marie Gregorevna Svatkovsky to pay interest (60 roubles), and the remaining 65 roubles he divided between Pasha (25 roubles) and Emily Fiodorovna (40 roubles); and besides he promised to send me here, to Florence, 175 roubles by a definite date). Now I relied on receiving the money by that date for the means of moving to Dresden. But there was a little contretemps. Instead of sending the money by registered post, the *Zarya* sent it through an

[1] *The Eternal Husband*, published in Nos. 1 and 2 of *Zarya*, 1870.

agency, and I received it ten or twelve days late. (Because it was not posted, I almost missed getting it altogether; for the agency might have failed to find me at all in Florence.) Thus, for a fortnight, expecting money, we spent some more money, and we had not enough to take us to Dresden. I sent a request for relief to the *Russky Viestnik*. By January I shall send off a novel to the *Russky Viestnik*.[1] In Dresden I shall work without lifting my head from the grindstone. But generally there's a mass of troubles and worries. The heat in Florence is getting awful; it is a suffocating city, burning hot. The nerves of all of us are on edge,—which is particularly bad for my wife. We are crowded at the present moment (and all this *en attendant*) in the smallest, tiniest little room, facing the market. I am sick of this Florence, and now because of the heat and the overcrowding I can't even sit down to work. On the whole, terrible nostalgia, the worse for being in Europe; everything here makes me feel like a beast. I have decided at *all costs* to return to Petersburg next spring (when I finish the novel),—even if they put me in the debtors' prison. I do not mention spiritual interests; but even my material interests suffer here, abroad. Imagine, for instance, this circumstance: no matter how,

[1] The novel is *The Possessed*, which, however, did not begin to appear in the *Russky Viestnik* until January 1871.

my works (all of them) have gone into a third, fourth, and fifth edition. *The Idiot* (whatever he is, I shall not argue now) is anyhow *good merchandise*. I know for certain that a second edition will be sold out in a year. Why not publish it then? It 's just the time now, and chiefly—I want to for one special reason. What did I do? Six weeks ago I gave Marie Gregorevna Svatkovsky the following commission: to call on A. F. Basunov [bookseller and publisher] (with a letter of introduction from me) and to give him this message: Won't he undertake to bring out *The Idiot*? (It would be ready by next winter, if he took it up now.) The price—2000 roubles (I even thought of letting him have it for 1500, if he paid the money down). The legal and formal aspects of the agreement need not postpone matters: for I could send a formal and duly certified authorisation from here. I asked Marie Gregorevna just to ask Basunov, without specially urging him, to say *yes* or *no*, and let me know here. If the answer is *no* (although he is quite aware how my books have been selling hitherto and what sort of merchandise they are), —then it is all right, I don't mind. I shall publish it myself when I come back and I shan't be the loser by it. It seems that my commission was not a difficult one, was it? It could have been done in two minutes, by two words with Basunov. What

then? It is now six weeks and I have not heard a word from Marie Gregorevna. Yet I asked her to do this (the first request in my life) simply because she herself eagerly offered to do any commissions for me in Petersburg, when she was in Switzerland last year. Thus my interests obviously suffer, solely because I am abroad. And not only this one thing! A great number of things, which I cannot do without, have been left behind in Russia! Did I or did I not tell you that I had a certain literary idea (a novel, a *parable on atheism*), compared with which all my previous literary career has been negligible, a *preface* merely, and to which I am going to devote *all* my subsequent life? But I cannot write it here; utterly impossible; I absolutely must be in Russia. Without Russia I can't write it. . . .

And what a mass of troubles! What a mass of worries! If only they were spared me! Apollon Nicolayevich, for the love of God, write to me about Pasha and about his quarrels with Emily Fiodorovna! It may be nonsense; but it is important to me. Yet Emily Fiodorovna has not written me a word about Pasha, but she sent me a letter the other day full of reproaches. They have queer notions. True, they are poor, but I can do only what I can. . . . Listen, Apollon Nicolayevich, I have a favour to ask you. If you can—do it, if

not—refuse to do it. And for the love of God don't trouble yourself. Yet the trouble is not great; but my request is a delicate one. It 's about that same Basunov. I beseech you to call on him at his shop and to ask him: Is he or is he not disposed to publish *The Idiot*, and to give me 2000 roubles for it? (I don't want to take less.) With Alexander Fiodorovich Basunov, as perhaps you know, you may talk frankly. Moreover, you are to make no efforts, and particularly don't try any special coaxing,—only—in a friendly way—if a conversation arose—Basunov likes asking advice—say a good word for *The Idiot*. But above all—don't show any particular eagerness. Having learnt what he says—write to me. That 's all I ask.

I 'm sure, I 'm sure you won't refuse my request (it 's a very important thing to me, in spite of the fact that I do not wish to reduce the price; and if he says 'no,'—well, that 's as he pleases, I shall not lose, I 'll publish it myself, or I 'll wait). But there is one delicate point in the affair. It is this. I had commissioned Marie Gregorevna to do this very thing, and made her promise secrecy, although I informed her at the same time that I was going to write to you about it. Won't she be offended by my asking you and passing her over? At the same time, why should she be offended? Especially as she knows that you were to hear about it from me.

And besides—she hasn't replied to me, although the time is passing, and the business is important to me. If she would only write to say that she did not want to undertake the commission, then at least my hands would not be tied; but I 've had no word from her. At all events I think it 's quite all right; I mean, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you were to call on Basunov, for instance, and ask him: whether he had received any proposal from me about publishing *The Idiot*? And then, if you thought the conversation was taking a good turn, if you spoke to him about the terms. Well now, this is my earnest request to you, Apollon Nicolayevich! If you can, do it, I beseech you. I do not ask you to conclude the business (it cannot be concluded, for an agreement and a power of attorney are necessary), but only to begin it, and to let me know about it, if only a line. Only please do not scold and reproach me for troubling and worrying you constantly.—I consider it necessary, though, to tell you that one of these days I am going to write to Marie Gregorevna and to ask her to proceed no further in the matter with Basunov, and to consider my request as never having been made. I should have written this to her, even if I had not intended to ask you about Basunov. But the best of all, the best of all—would be if you would take the trouble to see Marie Gregorevna herself and

simply ask her: Has she done anything in my business, or has she forgotten about it? But I am afraid to trouble you; it means too much running about for you.

I still hope to leave this place soon and go to Dresden again. Letters addressed to me in Dresden will be forwarded to me to Florence, if I remain in Florence; for I have already written about it to the Dresden post-office. But this is an extreme supposition; I really do hope to leave soon for Dresden, and therefore if you wish to write me (I shall be eagerly expecting a letter), write to me at the *poste restante*, Dresden.

In truth we have to move to Dresden for many urgent reasons, and chiefly because it is a city familiar to us, and comparatively cheap; we even have friends there, and it is the place where Anna Gregorevna hopes to realise her expectations (it will be towards the beginning of September). Anna Gregorevna thanks you deeply for your good words; she often remembers you and feels homesick. I am very glad that her present *occupation* will to some extent dispel her homesickness. Good-bye, my friend. I have written three sheets, and what have I told you? Nothing. We have been separated too long, and because of the separation we have lost touch with one another on many questions. Some idea of all that is taking place in Petersburg reaches

me. I have the *Russky Viestnik*, *Zarya*, and I read the *Golos* which is taken in by the local library. How do you like Danilevsky's *Russia and Europe*? In my opinion the book is important in the extreme; but I am afraid it has not received enough attention in the reviews. I consider Averkiev's *Comedy* the best work of the year. At the first reading I was in raptures; now after the second I 've begun to regard it a little more cautiously. I press your hand firmly and embrace you.—Wholly and ever your F. Dostoevsky.

VII

To A. N. Maikov

Dresden, $\frac{14}{26}$*th August*, 1869.

I am absolutely delighted by your opinion and shall certainly write without waiting for your long letter, my dearest and precious friend Apollon Nicolayevich. (But remember, remember, dear man, that you promised me a long letter soon!) Firstly, I thank you for your thought about me and my interests.[1] . . .

Next year (even if I have to go to the debtors' prison) I must return to Russia. Yes, things have now taken such a turn that it 's better for me to sit

[1] The letter then enters into details about a will made by Dostoevsky's aunt which are omitted here.

in the debtors' prison in Russia than to remain abroad. My health is quite good, leaving aside my fits, and I can bear all kinds of trouble; but if I were to remain here a year longer, I should be surprised if I were able to write anything; I don't mean write it well, but write it at all—I 've got so out of touch with Russia. I feel it. Anna Gregorevna also longs for Russia, I can see it. Besides, the loss of one child (a child such as I have never seen, so strong, beautiful, so full of understanding and feeling) was due solely to the fact that we could not fall in with the foreign way of feeding and rearing babies. If we lose the one which is expected, we both shall fall into real despair. Anna Gregorevna expects her confinement in three weeks at the latest.[1] I am terribly afraid for her health. Her first confinement she bore courageously. This time it is a completely different thing: she is seedy all the time, and besides she feels nervous and anxious; she 's become impressionable and, added to this, she 's seriously afraid of dying in childbirth (when she remembers the pains of the first childbirth). Such fears and anxieties are truly dangerous in natures which are not timid and weak, and therefore I am very anxious. By the way: my wife greets you and your wife affectionately. She remembers you often

[1] The second child, Lubov or Aimée, was born at Dresden, on September 14, 1869.

and passionately, she thanks you for your congratulations on my novel, and we decided, eight months ago, to ask you to stand godfather again. Pray, Apollon Nicolayevich, do not refuse; it is our great fixed desire. (The godmother as before is to be Anna Nicolayevna, whom you know,—my wife's mother.)

In general I am having a very worrying time and an awful lot of troubles; nevertheless I have to sit down to write—for the *Zarya* [*The Eternal Husband*], and then begin a long thing for the *Russky Viestnik* [*The Possessed*]. . . . It is eight months since I wrote anything. I shall certainly start writing in a fever; but what will happen later? Ideas I have of some sort; but I need Russia.

Of course I know better than you how you spend the summer, and I knew beforehand that you would not write to me before the autumn. Yet there was one point about which I did expect to receive two lines of information from you. I don't mean it as a reproach. It was with regard to Basunov and the publication of *The Idiot*,—simply a matter of 'Yes' or 'No'; I did not even dare dream of putting on you, my dear man, the whole burden of the business; and it wouldn't have been decent on my part to trouble you in such a way. Still, just the 'yes' or 'no,' with Basunov's views, would have been interesting; though I am not very keen on selling the work now. *Later on*—it may perhaps suit

me better—and apart from this, in any case, I *now* have other aims and intentions; for, come what may, I have decided to return to Russia next year.

One more favour, my dear friend! Write me a word about Pasha! I am in anguish and torment, thinking and pondering over him. I know he has his salary—if only he continues his work; but I should like to help him awfully. At the present moment I haven't a penny to spare; but in a month or five weeks I shall send my story to the *Zarya*, which, owing to its length, will, I believe, fetch more than I've had in advance from the *Zarya*. Then I shall again be able to give Pasha a small sum (a little is better than nothing). God knows how much I shall need money myself by that time. The Dostoevskys have probably received some money and will not need help from me for some time. Write to me about that, my dear friend.

Write to me also about yourself. Write me the promised long letter. I think by the time this letter reaches Petersburg you will have returned from the country.

I press your hand firmly, I greet your wife. Do you know, at times I have an idea that we have lost touch with one another much more than we think, and that it is already difficult to communicate our ideas fully in letters.—Wholly and ever your

F. Dostoevsky.

VIII

To A. N. Maikov

DRESDEN, $\frac{9th}{21st}$ *October*, 1870.

Your letter, my dear and much-esteemed Apollon Nicolayevich,—a letter which delighted and surprised me,—I've left unanswered till now because I have been sitting down to some troublesome work, and wished to finish it at all costs. And therefore I not only failed to answer several letters, but didn't even read anything all that time (except newspapers, of course). The work which I've taken so long over is only the beginning of the novel for the *Russky Viestnik* [*The Possessed*] and I shall have to write day and night for another six months at least; so that I am sick of it beforehand. There is of course something in it which draws me to write it; but speaking generally—there is nothing in the world more disgusting to me than literary work, I mean strictly, the writing of novels and stories—that is what I have come to! As for the idea of the novel, it is not worth explaining. In the first place, to express it fully in a letter is quite impossible, and you will be punished enough if you are inclined to read the novel, when it is published. Then why should I punish you twice?

You wrote a great deal about St. Nicholas—the

Miracle-Worker. He will not desert us, because St. Nicholas is the Russian spirit and stands for Russian unity. We are no longer children, you and I, much-esteemed Apollon Nicolayevich ; we know, for instance, this fact : that in case,—not only of a Russian disaster, but in case merely of Russian troubles,—the most un-Russian part of Russia, —a Radical—a Petersburg official, or a student—even they become Russians, begin to feel themselves Russians, although they may be ashamed of admitting it. Last winter I happened to read a serious admission in a leading article in the *Golos*—that ' we almost rejoiced during the Crimean War at the success of the Allied arms and at the defeat of our own.' No, my Radicalism did not go so far as that ; at that time I was still serving my time in the galleys and did *not* rejoice at the success of the Allies ; but together with my comrades, the unhappy ones [1] and their soldier-guards, I felt myself a Russian, I wished success to Russian arms and,—although I still retained a strong leaven of scabby Russian Liberalism, preached by . . . like the dung-beetle Bielinsky and the rest,—I did not consider myself inconsistent, when I felt the Russian in myself. True, the facts showed that the disease which had attacked cultured Russians was much

[1] The convicts and exiles in Siberia are called 'unhappy ones' by the people.

more violent than we ourselves had imagined, and that the matter had not ended with the Bielinskys, Krayevskys, etc. But then came the miracle testified by St. Luke. The devils had entered into the man and their name was legion, and they asked Him: Suffer us to enter into the swine, and He suffered them. The devils entered into the swine, and the whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were drowned. When the people came out to see what was done they found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind, and those who saw it told them by what means he that was possessed of the devils was healed. Exactly the same has happened with us in Russia. The devils went out of the Russian and entered into a herd of swine,—into the Nechayevs, Serno-Solovioviches, etc. [terrorists]. These are drowned and will be drowned, and the healed man, from whom the devils had been cast out, is sitting at the feet of Jesus. So it ought to happen. Russia has spewed out the abomination on which she has been surfeited, and certainly nothing Russian was left in those spewed-out scoundrels. And observe this, my dear friend: he who loses his people and nationality, loses also the belief of his fathers, and God. Well, if you want to know,—this is precisely the theme of my novel. It is called *The Devils*

[called *The Possessed* in the existing English translation], and it is a description of how these devils entered into a herd of swine. Beyond all doubt I shall write it badly ; being more of a poet than an artist I have always taken themes beyond my powers. But since not one of all the critics who have passed judgment on me has denied me a certain talent, then in this long novel too there are likely to be passages that are not so bad. Now that 's all.

And in Petersburg there still seem to be many *clever* people who, although they are horrified by the scoundrels into whom the swine have entered, still go on dreaming how fine it was during the liberal-humane times of Bielinsky, who still think that the enlightenment of that time should be brought back. Now, this idea can be seen even in the newest nationalist converts, etc. The old fellows do not give in : the Plescheyevs, Annenkovs, Turgenevs, and whole journals like the *Viestnik Europa* are of this school. They go on giving prizes in girls' schools, distributing to the girls books like the works of Bielinsky, in which he bewails the fact that Tatyana remained faithful to her husband. No, it won't be uprooted for a long time, and therefore, it seems to me, we have nothing to fear from external political commotions, such as, for instance, a European war on behalf of the Slavs ; although

it is strange : we are alone, and they are all of them together. The present position allows us two or three years of certain peace—shall we realise our position ? Shall we prepare ? Shall we build enough railways and fortresses ? Shall we get another million rounds of ammunition ? Shall we settle firmly on the border territories, and will reforms be introduced into the poll-tax and the recruiting for the army ? These are the things that are needed, and the rest, that is, the Russian spirit, unity,—all this exists and will endure, and it will be so strong, it will have such wholeness and sacredness that even we are impotent to fathom the whole depth of that force, to say nothing of foreigners ; and—my idea is that nine-tenths of our power consists just in the fact that foreigners do not understand and never will understand the depth and power of our unity. Oh, how clever they are ! I have been assiduously reading for the last three years all the political papers, that is, the most important of them. How remarkably well they know their own affairs ! How they can foretell events ! What a knack they have of hitting the nail exactly on the head ! (Compare them with our political papers, with their imitative rubbish, all imitation —with the exception perhaps of the *Moscowskya Viedomosti*.) What then ? No sooner do they touch on Russia,—than they start muttering the

devil knows what, like a feverish man in the dark! In Europe I think they know the star Sirius more thoroughly than they know Russia. And this very thing, for a time, is our power. And the other power will be our own belief in our individuality, in the sacredness of our destiny. The whole destiny of Russia lies in Orthodoxy, in *the light from the East*, which will suddenly shine forth to Western humanity, which has become blinded and has lost Christ. The cause of the whole misfortune of Europe, everything, everything without exception, has been that they gained the Church of Rome and lost Christ, and then they decided that they would do without Christ. Conceive now, my dear friend, that even in such superior Russians as, for instance, the author of *Russia and Europe*, I have not met with this idea about Russia—this idea of her exclusive Orthodox mission to mankind. And if this is so,—then it is really early as yet to demand independent thought from us.

But I have gone too far into the wood, and I am on the fourth page already. I live somehow, try to work, I am too much behind everywhere in delivering my work, everywhere I have broken my promises,—and suffer because of it. Anna Gregorevna too is depressed; so that I do not know what to do. I ought to return in the spring;—but I have still no money,—not only not enough to pay my

debts, but not enough even to get back home. I have few acquaintances here, yet there are as many Russians in Dresden as there are Englishmen. Rubbishy people, these Russians are, generally speaking, I mean. . . . And, my God, what trash there is among them! And why do they wander about?

My little girl is healthy, well-nourished, weaned, she begins to understand well and even to speak; but she is a very nervous child, so that I am afraid for her, although she is healthy. My greatly respected friend, why do you give me so few details when you write about Pasha, about such an event as his marriage? For the love of Christ, tell me if you know. I have had no news from Pasha. And he is dear to me. Of course, it would be ridiculous on my part, at this distance, after a separation of three years, to claim to have an influence on his decisions. Still it is sad. I have a cousin, Misha, who married when he was still younger than Pasha; but he is a very intelligent boy, a boy of character. But Pasha is different—in character, and in the smallest matter of self-discipline.

If you can write anything to me, you will make me very, very grateful. My wife greets you. Luba kisses you. Good-bye, keep well and happy.
—Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

REMINISCENCES OF F. M. DOSTOEVSKY
BY HIS WIFE
ANNA GREGOREVNA DOSTOEVSKY

REMINISCENCES

Anna Gregorevna Dostoevsky, *née* Snitkin, had been trained as a shorthand writer. She finished her training in 1866, and became Dostoevsky's secretary at a time when he was hastily finishing *The Gambler*. During the whole of October 1866, she wrote to his dictation. They were married on February 15, 1867, in a style which gave much satisfaction to the bride. She describes the scene in her Reminiscences, in a passage as yet unpublished:

> 'Fiodor Mihailovich arranged things well: the church was lighted brightly, a splendid choir sang, there was a crowd of beautifully dressed guests; but all this I learnt only later, from what had been told to me; for up to nearly half-way through the ceremony I felt as if I were in a mist, I crossed myself mechanically and my answers to the priest's questions were scarcely audible. I did not even notice which of us was the first to step on to the pink silk cushion—I think that Fiodor Mihailovich was the first; for I have given way to him all my life long. It was only after the Communion that my head became clear, and that I began to pray ardently. Afterwards every one told me that during the wedding ceremony I was terribly pale. . . .'

The couple left Russia, originally for Dresden, two months later, on April 14, 1867, intending to remain

away for only three or four months. Circumstances, however, some of which are sufficiently indicated in the letters to Maikov, delayed the return until the spring of 1871. At that time Dostoevsky was very ill and very homesick, as may be seen from his letter of March 18, 1871, to N. N. Strahov :

> 'I have been ill for some time, and above all I have felt homesick after my epileptic fit. When I have not had a fit for a long time, and then it suddenly breaks out, then I feel an unusual nostalgia, a moral one. It drives me to despair. Formerly this depression used to last about three days after the fit, and now it lasts seven or eight days ; but all the time I have been in Dresden my fits have been less frequent than anywhere else. Secondly, *there is the longing for work*. I am almost worn out with the slowness of my work. I must go to Russia, although I have got quite unaccustomed to the Petersburg climate. But, after all, whatever happens, return *I must*. . . . My writing does not come off, Nicolay Nicolayevich, or it is produced with terrible difficulty. What all this means—I do not know. But I think it is my need for Russia. At whatever cost I must return to Russia. . . .'

In his letter of February 4, 1872, to S. D. Yanovsky, six months after his return to Russia, he writes :

> 'I spent four years abroad—in Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, and got terribly sick of it in the end. With horror I began to notice that I was falling behind Russia ; I read three papers, and spoke with Russians ; but there was a something which as it were I did not understand. I had to

> come back and see with my own eyes. Well, I 've returned, and found nothing particularly puzzling ; in a couple of months I shall understand everything again ! '

But if Dostoevsky desired to return to Russia for his own sake, he was still more anxious to do so on account of his wife. In a letter to A. N. Maikov, Dostoevsky writes :

> ' to remain in Dresden for another year is impossible, quite out of the question. It would mean just killing Anna Gregorevna with despair, over which she has no control, since hers is a genuine case of home-sickness.'

It was something more, perhaps, than home-sickness ; for Madame Dostoevsky's existence was one of incessant work, incessant anxiety. The following pages show some of her troubles ; but it should further be remembered that during the last fourteen years of Dostoevsky's life,—the most intense and productive years of his creative activity,—Anna Gregorevna was not only his wife and true friend, but also, as the Reminiscences indicate, his assistant, shorthand writer, publisher, financial adviser, and business manager.

The Reminiscences of Madame Dostoevsky, for the year 1871-1872, are taken from three of her notebooks found in the Poushkin Department of the Russian Academy of Sciences in Petersburg.

I

OUR RETURN TO RUSSIA IN 1871

Our return to Petersburg, after an absence abroad for over four years, took place on a hot summer day, on July 8, 1871.

From the Warsaw station we drove past the cathedral of Holy Trinity, in which our wedding had taken place. Both Fiodor Mihailovich and myself crossed ourselves, and seeing us do this our little baby daughter [Lubov] also made the sign of the cross. I remember Fiodor Mihailovich saying: 'Well, Anechka, we have lived happily these four years abroad, despite the fact that at times life has been hard. What is life in Petersburg going to give us? Everything is in a mist before us! I foresee a good many troubles, difficulties, and worries before we stand on our own feet. On God's help only do I rely!'—'Why worry beforehand?' I remember answering him. 'Let us rely on God's mercy. The chief thing now is that our long-cherished dream has been realised, and we are again in Petersburg, again in our mother country.'

Various feelings agitated us both. In me prevailed a feeling of boundless joy. I, who from my early youth had dreamt about life in Europe, and was so happy in going there, had for the last two years of our stay there not only grown cold to foreign countries, I had come to hate them almost. Everything abroad — religion, language, people, customs, manners—seemed to me not only foreign, but hostile. I missed Russian black bread, deep snow, sledges, the sound of Russian church bells; in a word, everything that I have been accustomed to from my childhood. I saw that Fiodor Mihailovich worked without sparing himself; and I saw that now and then he received large sums of money; but, as a considerable part of it had to be given to our relations, and interest had also to be paid on the articles we had pawned when we left for abroad, I lost hope of being able to save any considerable amount to pay over to our creditors, on our return to Petersburg, to prevent them from worrying us at the outset, and to get time to look round and see what we could do to improve our entangled circumstances. I perfectly understood that only by returning home and by acting in person, and not through intermediaries, could we settle our financial affairs. It also seemed to me that in Petersburg I might find some work for myself, as stenographer, or translator, and thus be able to bring in a certain

contribution. I also thought that my mother's house, in the Kostromsky Street, which was intended for me, would pass into my hands. In that case our liberation from our debts would proceed more successfully. I meant to sell the house immediately, to pay the most pressing debts, and to discharge the rest by instalments from the money received for Dostoevsky's novels. That is why I so much wished to go back to Russia. And yet all kinds of obstacles to our return cropped up constantly, and finally, we had not sufficient money to go back to Russia and to make our own home. A large sum happened to be due to us; and yet we could not manage to go home. This was due partly to the fact that we anticipated in the very near future an addition to the family, partly to the fact that our baby was too young to take to Russia in the winter. There were never-ending difficulties of all sorts in the way of our return, and at last I came to the firm conviction that if we did not get away from Germany, we should be doomed to remain 'émigrés against our will.' This idea was so intolerable that I agreed in anticipation to impending misery and misfortune of every kind, provided only they happened at home. In a word, I experienced in my own case what home-sickness meant, and I would not wish my worst enemy to meet with that misfortune. I did my

best to hide from Fiodor Mihailovich my homesickness and my depression; but could anything be concealed from his penetration? The impossibility of saving me from the misery of living abroad was a great grief to him. Fiodor Mihailovich himself missed Russia very much: he always loved her so deeply. And besides he was haunted by a tormenting idea that by living abroad so long he would forget her, would cease to understand Russian life and Russian actualities. In other words, he feared that he would himself fall a victim to the thing with which he had once reproached Turgenev. 'You can't know life from the newspapers alone,' he would say to me. 'A writer should not leave his country for a long time, he should live one life with her; otherwise he is lost!' And Fiodor Mihailovich was alarmed lest such a long absence might have a bad effect on his literary talent, might ruin him. And truly his literary career was everything in his life, his vocation, as well as his only means of making a living. One can therefore imagine his overwhelming joy when favourable circumstances enabled us to return home.

This time we did not allow the consideration that I expected an addition to the family in the very near future to stop us [Fiodor Fiodorovich Dostoevsky was born in July 1871, a week after

the return]. But our feelings of joy were mingled also with apprehension as to how we could straighten out our affairs. We owed about twenty-five thousand roubles, and our whole fortune, on the day of our arrival, consisted of sixty roubles in cash and two trunks bought abroad. In one of these were Fiodor Mihailovich's clothes, his manuscripts and notebooks; in the other—my things and the children's. When I think back on it all now, I think how much spiritual energy and power was needed to begin a new life in such circumstances.

On our arrival we stopped at the Commercial Hotel, in the Great Konyushenna Street, and stayed there for two days. To stay on there was inadvisable, in view of the coming addition to the family, and it did not suit our means either; so we moved to a house in the Ekaterininsky Prospekt, where we took two furnished rooms on the fourth floor. We chose that neighbourhood in order that our little girl might spend the hot days of July and August in the Yussupov Park, which was quite close at hand.

During the very first days of our arrival Fiodor Mihailovich's relations came to see us, and we received them all very cordially. During these last four years the position of Emily Fiodorovna Dostoevsky had changed for the better: her elder

son, Fiodor Mihailovich (the 'junior,' as our relations called him, to distinguish him from my husband, Fiodor Mihailovich 'senior'), had given many well-paid music lessons; her second son, Mihail Mihailovich, had had work in a bank; her daughter, Ekaterina Mihailovna, also had some kind of occupation. Consequently the family had lived quite comfortably. Moreover, Emily Fiodorovna had during that time become accustomed to the idea that Fiodor Mihailovich, having his own family to keep, could assist her only in exceptional circumstances. Pavel Alexandrovich Isayev was the only one who could not rid himself of the idea that 'his father,' as he called Fiodor Mihailovich, 'was obliged' to keep not only him, but also his family. But him too I received kindly, because I happened to make the acquaintance of his wife, whom he had married only in April of that year. I liked Nadezhda Mihailovna Isayev at first sight, and, in spite of the slight difference in our ages, we became friends at once. She was a good-looking woman, not tall, very modest, and not stupid; so that I could not possibly understand why she had decided to choose for her life-companion such an impossible man as Pavel Alexandrovich Isayev. I was sincerely sorry for her; for, knowing his character, I foresaw that her life was not going to be happy. Eight days after our arrival in Petersburg, on

July 16, at 9 o'clock in the morning took place the expected event—the birth of our elder son Fiodor.[1]

When I began to recover, we had our boy baptised, his godfather being Apollon Nicolayevich Maikov, who acted in the same capacity to our two daughters. For his godmother Fiodor Mihailovich chose our daughter Lyubochka, who was not yet two years old.

At the end of August, Fiodor Mihailovich went off to Moscow and brought back a certain sum of money, not a very big sum, but enough to make it possible for us to move from the furnished rooms to a flat. The chief problem was our lack of furniture, which we had to get before taking the flat. The idea occurred to me of going to the Apraxin market and of asking the dealers there if they would agree to sell us furniture for monthly payments of 25 roubles, the furniture to be considered the property of the dealer until the whole sum was paid. One dealer there, Lubimov, agreed to these terms and let us have at once goods to

[1] On this subject I may add: I felt ill up to July 15th. Fiodor Mihailovich, who prayed the whole day and night for the happy issue of my labour, told me afterwards that during his prayer he decided that if a son was born, if it were only ten minutes before midnight, to call him Vladimir, in honour of St. Vladimir, who is commemorated on July 15th, and not Fiodor as we had intended. But our son was born on July 16th, and was called Fiodor, the name so dear to me.

the value of 400 roubles. But, Heavens, what things they were! The furniture was new; but it was made of birch or pine and, not to speak of its absurd style, it came from such a bad market, that after three years of use it became unglued and fell to pieces. In the end we had to throw it away and to replace it by new stuff. But even for that furniture I was grateful. It enabled us to have our own flat; for living in furnished rooms was unthinkable, the close proximity of tiny babies preventing Fiodor Mihailovich from either sleeping or working.

Having arranged the matter of furniture I began looking for a flat, and in this Isayev offered his assistance. That very evening he announced that he had found an excellent flat—eight rooms—at the very low rent of 100 roubles per month. 'We don't need such a large flat,' I said. 'It isn't at all large,' answered Isayev. 'You will have a drawing-room, study, bedroom, and nursery; we shall have a drawing-room, study, bedroom; and the dining-room we shall share between us.' 'Do you suppose that we are to live together?' 'Why not? I told Nadya that when "my father" came back we should all live together.' This time I had to talk to him seriously and to convince him that circumstances had changed and that *I would in no event* agree to our living together. As usual,

Isayev became impertinent and threatened to complain to Fiodor Mihailovich. But I refused to listen. I had not spent four years of independent life for nothing, and when Isayev turned to Fiodor Mihailovich, he received the answer that he had left everything to me and whatever I decided must hold good. For quite a long time Isayev could not forgive me for upsetting the plans he had formed. I took a flat in Serpuhov Street, from Mme. Archangelsky, and signed the agreement in my own name so as to relieve Fiodor Mihailovich of the necessity of negotiating with the landlady, the house-porter, etc.

The flat consisted of four rooms: a study (in which Fiodor Mihailovich slept on a divan), a drawing-room, a dining-room, and a nursery in which I also slept. In arranging the house I comforted myself with the thought that I should not have to buy many household things and clothes; for before we left Russia our things had been distributed among various people for safe-keeping. And soon after I recovered from my illness, I began to busy myself with getting these things together. But here unpleasant surprises came one after the other. It began in this way. I went off to my mother's house, in which an old maid called Olga Vasilievna had been living for many years. She was an extremely honest woman; and to her safe-

keeping my mother, three years previously, just before she went abroad to pay us a short visit, had entrusted various household effects, samovars, copper utensils, glass and china. To my great distress it turned out that a few months previously Olga Vasilievna had died, that as she was a single woman a country cousin had turned up and buried her, and that the magistrate had ordered that all the effects found in the house should be sold in order to defray the expenses which the cousin had incurred on the funeral. There were people, lodgers in the house, who knew that Olga Vasilievna was only taking care of our things. But the cousin said ' she knew nothing about that,' but if she were told who had entrusted Olga with the goods and what they were, she would return them. And thus she took away all our things with her to the country. I wrote to her, to Torzhok, but received from her only a pair of malachite ear-rings and a tea-caddy, which she admitted had not belonged to her late aunt. As to the other things, she suggested that we should bring an action against her in court for their recovery. Of course, I brought no action. The other unpleasant surprise was the history of my china and glass, which I charged my sister Marie Gregorevna to keep for me. I may say that my father was a great connoisseur and expert in china. He loved to go round the antique shops and to

buy beautiful things. After his death several beautiful old cups of Vieux-Saxe and Sèvres came to me, and also some old cut-glass. All these things were kept in a special cupboard, and I felt sure that they were safe. But this is what happened. When my sister returned from her summer holiday in the country, and was setting her household things in order, she told the parlourmaid to wash the things in the cupboards, my things included, and specially asked her to be careful with my things as they did not belong to her. And then the maid, whom my sister had scolded for something and threatened to sack, *deliberately, out of spite,* in order to pay my sister out, in the presence of the chambermaid and cook, *threw* the whole huge tray on the floor, with such force that everything was smashed to smithereens, and not a single thing could be glued together. Certainly, my sister made it up to me by sending me a tea-service and other crockery; but even now I remember with regret the cups with the little shepherdesses on them, and also the tea-glass with a fly, so vividly painted on it that every one who drank from it would invariably try to remove it, imagining it was alive. And I would pay a good deal to get them back. The impressions of childhood remain with us all our life long. It was just my luck that the maid's spite should have been vented on these

things of mine, and not on those of my sister who had given her the scolding. There is truth in the proverb : ' Misfortunes never come singly.'

I was also greatly distressed by another surprise.

During the whole four years of our stay abroad Fiodor Mihailovich used to send Praskovya Petrovna (the mother of Vanya, the natural son of Fiodor Mihailovich's brother — Mihail Mihailovich Dostoevsky) money to pay the interest on the things which we had pawned on leaving Russia (Fiodor Mihailovich's fur coat and my fur cloak), and we congratulated ourselves that we should only have to redeem the things and not to spend much money on buying warm clothes. Imagine our sorrow—mine and Fiodor's—when Praskovya Petrovna, whom I had asked to bring us the pawnbrokers' receipts, came to us and told us with tears in her eyes a story (perhaps false) of how she had been paying the interest all the time, but had forgotten to pay the last instalment, and that our things were now lost. She cried, promised to get the things back ; but all these were empty promises, never fulfilled. True, we owe her thanks for having returned to us the pawnbrokers' receipts for the gold and silver things we pawned. These things had to lie there pledged for another five years before we managed to redeem them.

When we left in 1867 for abroad, *for three months*

only, we moved certain articles of furniture (the bed, a large chest of drawers filled with cushions and blankets, Fiodor Mihailovich's library, etc.) to Emily Fiodorovna, in whose flat Isayev at that time was settled. There were also stored the old icons of the Saviour and Our Lady in silver frames, which had been presented to me when I married. When I was arranging the flat I asked Isayev to fetch my icons. He brought them to me—but without the silver frames. Thereupon he told a story of how his landlady (he had had a dozen landladies in four years) had robbed him, how once when he returned home he found that the silver frames were missing, what steps he took for their recovery, the proceedings in court. As to the furniture, cushions, blankets, he said that he had taken them for his own family ; and as to the library, he candidly confessed that as he had no money he had been selling one book after another. He also sold all books presented to Fiodor Mihailovich, with autographs and dedications by their authors. When I expressed regret at the loss of the library Isayev turned round on me and declared that we ourselves were to blame for everything : ' Why hadn't we sent him money punctually ? ' As if we were obliged to keep a robust, strong, lazy fellow !

The loss of Fiodor Mihailovich's library we felt

particularly keenly. I remember how, when we lived abroad, Fiodor Mihailovich longed for his books, and I comforted him with the assurance that the library was perfectly safe and that he would have it back on his return to Russia. And now came the loss—irreparable to us: for our financial circumstances, right up to the death of Fiodor Mihailovich, were such that we never had means to acquire a decent library again. And Fiodor Mihailovich was justly proud of his old library, on which he had spent large sums of money every year. To judge from the bills of Basunov the bookseller, the library contained many serious works; for instance, it was rich in the literature of the Old Believers. And all this had been sacrificed for a mere song. Later on, in the Alexandrovsky market, I chanced to find one of the books sold by Isayev which had belonged to me; a book which had been given to me as a prize when I passed from one class to another in the Maryinsky Gymnasium for Girls. In the book remained the fly-leaf, with the inscription setting forth the name of the person to whom the book had been given. Of course I bought the book back.

These are the kinds of losses by which we had, through most incredible accidents, to pay for the four years spent abroad.

Yet not all the surprises were unpleasant. There

came to light one circumstance which gave me great joy. In the winter of 1871 I happened to pay a visit to my cousin, Dr. M. N. Snitkin. In the spring of that year he had married Ekaterina Ippolitovna, the sister of Mme. Saint-Hilaire. When she heard about our misfortunes with regard to our things, Ekaterina Ippolitovna said to me: 'I 've heard from my sister Sasha (Alexandra Ippolitovna Saint-Hilaire) that at the top of her house there was a basket of papers belonging to your husband.' I began to question her, and it turned out that about three years before Fiodor Mihailovich 'junior' had asked Mme. Saint-Hilaire's permission to leave with her, for a *short time*, a wicker basket containing his uncle's papers. He himself had disappeared; but the basket remained with them. Next day I sent for the basket. And there arrived a large laundry-basket, packed full with papers and note-books, *not locked* but tied with a thin string.

My ecstasy can be imagined when, examining the contents of the basket, I found several note-books by Fiodor Mihailovich, several books of memoranda relating to the conduct of the reviews *Vremya* and *Epocha*, left by Mihail Mihailovich; and a mass of most varied correspondence. These recovered papers more than once served us a good turn in our subsequent life, when it was necessary to prove or refute certain facts in the life of Fiodor

Mihailovich which had been unknown to me before 1867. As it appeared later, Isayev, on our departure, took that basket of letters and notebooks to his rooms. When he moved from Emily Fiodorovna's house, he left the basket there, but as she did not know what to do with it, she handed it over to her son, Fiodor 'junior,' who placed it for safe-keeping with friends. And then every one forgot about it. It had occurred to me that Fiodor Mihailovich might have notebooks and manuscripts of an earlier period—for instance, of the period when he wrote his *Insulted and Injured* or *The House of the Dead.* And it seemed to me another basket of papers and manuscripts must be in existence, a basket also taken by Isayev, and from him passed through several hands, now lying in somebody else's attic, forgotten by everybody until the mice began to look after it. But in spite of all my efforts I could not discover it.

The Beginning of the Struggle with the Creditors

In September 1871 a newspaper announced to the public Dostoevsky's return from abroad, and thereby rendered us no good service. Our creditors, hitherto silent, at once presented themselves, demanding payment. The first, and a very formid-

able one, was G. Hinterlach. Fiodor Mihailovich owed him nothing personally, nor was it a debt contracted during the run of the reviews. It was a debt of the late Mihail Mihailovich's, my husband's brother, contracted when he was in the tobacco trade. [This tobacco business ceased to exist in 1861.] In order to stimulate the sale of his firm's tobacco, Mihail Dostoevsky advertised in the papers that every box of cigars of a certain kind contained a prize,—a pair of scissors, a razor, a needle-case, a penknife, and so on. These prizes attracted customers, and at first the scheme was a great success. But as the choice of prizes was limited, the customers soon began to fall off and the despatch of boxes had to be stopped. The prizes consisted exclusively of metal articles which Mihail Dostoevsky bought from the wholesale dealer G. Hinterlach (Nevsky, opposite the Gostiny Dvor, in the courtyard). The latter sold him the goods on credit and on bills at a high rate of interest. When the subscription to the review *Vremya* went off successfully, Mihail Dostoevsky paid Hinterlach in full, having always considered him the most exacting of his creditors. And three or four days before his death (in July 1864) Mihail Dostoevsky told his wife and Fiodor Mihailovich with joy that he had at last settled everything with 'that bloodsucker Hinterlach.' And when on the death of

Mihail Dostoevsky all his affairs devolved on Fiodor Mihailovich, and against his will he had to take over the liabilities of the review *Vremya*,—Mme. Hinterlach came to him and said that Mihail Dostoevsky owed her about two thousand roubles. Fiodor Mihailovich remembered what his brother had said about his having paid his debt to Hinterlach, and informed Mme. Hinterlach of this. But she said that this was a separate debt, and that she had given the amount to Mihail Dostoevsky without having received any acknowledgment from him. Mme. Hinterlach implored Fiodor Mihailovich either to pay her the 2000 roubles or to give her a bill; she assured him that if she failed to get a bill, her husband would make it very unpleasant for her. She cried, fell on her knees before Fiodor Mihailovich, went into hysterics. Fiodor Mihailovich, who always believed in human honesty, believed her, and gave her two bills, of 1000 roubles each. The first bill had been paid before 1867, but the second bill, amounting with four years' interest to 1300 roubles, was presented by Hinterlach for payment immediately after our arrival. He sent a threatening letter, and Fiodor Mihailovich went to him to ask for a postponement till the New Year (1872), when he was to receive money for his novels. Fiodor Mihailovich returned home in utter despair. Hinterlach declared that

he was not going to wait any longer and decided to attach all our movables, and if the latter were not sufficient to cover the debt, he would put Fiodor Mihailovich in the debtors' prison. Fiodor Mihailovich said to him: 'If I 'm sitting in prison, in one room together with other people, away from my family, how shall I be able to work? How shall I be able to pay you if you deprive me of the possibility of working?'—'Oh, you are a famous author, and I reckon the Literary Fund will get you out immediately,' said Hinterlach. Fiodor Mihailovich, who had no particular respect for the Committee of the Literary Fund as constituted at that time, expressed his doubt about getting any assistance from that body; and declared that even if they offered him such assistance, he would rather go to prison than accept it. In the evening Fiodor Mihailovich and I discussed the matter for a long time, and decided to propose to Hinterlach the following new arrangement: to pay him 50 roubles down, and monthly instalments of 25 roubles, and have half of the debt discharged in the coming year. With that offer Fiodor Mihailovich paid Hinterlach a second visit, and came home utterly disgusted. After a long conversation, Hinterlach had said to him: 'Now, you are a gifted author, and I want to show you that I, a small German shopkeeper, *can* put a famous Russian

author in the debtors' prison, and be sure, I mean to do it.'[1] I was revolted by this impertinent behaviour to my dear husband; but I realised that we were in the hands of a scoundrel and had no means of getting rid of him. Foreseeing that Hinterlach would not stop at mere threats, I decided to try to arrange the matter myself, and without saying a single word to Fiodor Mihailovich about my intention (he would certainly have forbidden it), I went off to Hinterlach. He received me arrogantly and said: 'Either you put the money on the table, or in a week's time your movables will be attached and sold by auction, and your husband settled in "Tarasov's House."'[2] To this I answered coolly, that our flat had been taken by me, and not by Fiodor Mihailovich, and was registered in my name (and I had done this to prevent my husband from being troubled with household worries, negotiations with the landlady and house-porter, etc.); and therefore I should not allow my things to be attached. As to the furniture, I had bought it on credit and until I paid the furniture dealer, it all belonged to him, and could not be attached. He could attach a few of Fiodor Mihailovich's clothes; but these would fetch too

[1] It must be said that after their victory in the Franco-Prussian war all Germans living abroad became extremely arrogant and tried to show the superiority of their nation over other nations.

[2] The debtors' prison was so called in the vernacular.

small a sum to be worth the trouble. As proof I showed him the lease of the flat and a copy of my agreement with the furniture dealer. As to Hinterlach's threat about the debtors' prison, I said to him that if he fulfilled it and Fiodor Mihailovich were compelled to go to prison, if it were only for a few days, 'Then I give you my word of honour, Herr Hinterlach, that I shall go down on my knees and pray my husband to remain in prison up to the time when the date of your bill has expired.[1] I shall take rooms myself close to the prison, I and the children will visit him daily, and I shall help him in his work. Certainly, if he stays in prison with others in one room, my husband will find it difficult to work, but with God's help he will get accustomed to it and will work. But as for you, Herr Hinterlach, you won't get a brass farthing, and besides you will be obliged to pay his "maintenance."[2] I give you my word that it will all be as I say, and you will be cruelly punished for your obstinacy.' Hinterlach began to talk about my husband's ingratitude, and said he had waited a long time for his money. This finally revolted me; I was beside myself, and said: 'No, it is you

[1] The imprisonment of a debtor extinguished the debt. For a sum of 1300 roubles one would have to sit in prison, if I remember right, either nine or fourteen months.

[2] A creditor at that time had to pay in a certain sum of money to the debtors' prison monthly to feed and keep his debtor, and this was called 'maintenance.'

who should be grateful to my husband for having given a bill to your wife for a debt which had perhaps been paid already. She had had no acknowledgment from Mihail Dostoevsky, and my husband was under no obligation to make himself responsible for the sum. Fiodor Mihailovich, in giving a bill to your wife, acted out of generosity, out of pity; for your wife cried and said that you would curse and reproach her eternally, if she failed to get a bill from him. But don't think that your cruelty will go unpunished. If you dare to act as you threaten to do, I on my part will do my very best to make things unpleasant for you: I shall describe the affair with all the details and publish it in the *Syn Otechestva*. Let every one see what the so-called "honest Germans" are capable of. People will recognise you under an invented name, and if you take proceedings against me, I shall prove that I have written the truth; there are witnesses in whose presence your wife implored Fiodor Mihailovich to give her the bill.'

In a word, I was beside myself and spoke without picking my words, just to give vent to my overpowering anger against the man. And although more than once in my life I have been the victim of my anger, this time it was of real service to me: the German was frightened of my threat to expose him in the newspapers and, after thinking for some

time, he asked me what I wanted. 'The very same terms my husband asked you to grant yesterday,' I said. 'Well, give the money, then,' said Hinterlach. I asked him to put down our terms in detail on paper and sign them; for I was afraid that he might take back his words, and begin tormenting us again. A complete conqueror, I returned home with the document in my pocket, and with the knowledge that thereby for some time at least I had secured my dear husband's peace and my own.

But before I tell about our struggle with our creditors and the incredible efforts and difficulties (lasting for another ten years, almost until the death of my dear husband) which we encountered in the attempt to pay off our debts, I want to say a few words about how those debts, which tormented us both so much, had mounted up.

Only a very small part of them (two or three thousand roubles) had been contracted by Fiodor Mihailovich himself for his personal needs. Partly they were debts incurred by Mihail Dostoevsky in connection with his tobacco business, which I mentioned above. But in the main they were debts contracted for the running of the reviews *Vremya* and *Epocha*, which were published by Fiodor Mihailovich's brother, Mihail Mihailovich.

In 1864 Mihail Mihailovich died, after a short illness of three days only. His family (a wife and four little children), accustomed to live comfortably, was left without any means. And then Fiodor Mihailovich, who had been left a widower with no children, considered it his duty to pay his brother's debts, and as it were to clear his brother's memory from reproach, and also to support his family. With these noble objects Fiodor Mihailovich decided to sacrifice his talent (by changing it into small coin), his powers, and his time, and to take on his shoulders the load of a business completely unfamiliar to him (the publication and running of the review *Epocha*). Having become editor of the paper, Fiodor Mihailovich had inevitably to take over the liabilities of the review, namely, the debts to the paper manufacturers, to the printers, binders, as well as those due to the authors who published their works in the review. Fiodor Mihailovich might possibly have been able to realise his noble intentions, if caution and even a slight business capacity had formed elements of his character. But these qualities Fiodor Mihailovich lacked altogether. On the contrary, he had the completest trust in people and a sincere conviction of human honesty. When later on I heard stories from eye-witnesses of the financial obligations which Fiodor Mihailovich had incurred, and learnt from

old letters the details of many such instances, I was astounded at the utterly childish unpracticality of my dear husband. Every one, who had no conscience and was not too lazy, deceived him and dragged money or bills out of him. During his brother's lifetime Fiodor Mihailovich had no connection with the business side of the *Vremya*, and was ignorant of the exact financial status of Mihail Mihailovich. But after his death people began coming to Fiodor Mihailovich, some, perfect strangers to him, declaring that the deceased owed them such and such sums. In most cases they did not present to Fiodor Mihailovich any proofs of the correctness of their claims, and Fiodor Mihailovich, who believed in human honesty, did not even think of asking for proofs or of documentary evidence. He would merely say: 'I haven't any money at all just now; but if you like, I can give you a bill; only I ask you not to demand payment soon; I will pay you as soon as I can.' People took the bills, promised to wait and, of course, did not keep their promises, but presented the bills for immediate payment. I shall cite one case, the correctness of which I happened to verify from documents. There was one insignificant writer B. who published stories in the *Vremya*. He came to Fiodor Mihailovich asking for money for some stories of his which had not been paid for. He put the amount owing

to him at 250 roubles. As usual, Fiodor Mihailovich had no money (the subscription money had been received by Mihail Mihailovich, and the further subscription money went to the family of the deceased), and he offered him a bill. B. was deeply moved, thanked Fiodor Mihailovich earnestly, promised to wait until things improved, and asked for an undated bill, so as not to be obliged to take proceedings, as he would be if the date were fixed. Fiodor Mihailovich agreed. Imagine his astonishment when, in two or three weeks' time, the bill was presented for payment, and attachment of his property was threatened. Fiodor Mihailovich went to B. for an explanation. B. expressed extreme indignation over the affair, and said: 'Don't you see, my landlady pressed me hard for money and threatened to turn me out of the flat. Reduced to extremity, I decided to give her your bill, and she promised not to present it. I am in despair at having placed you in such a situation; I will arrange the matter,' etc. etc. As a result, in order to save our property from attachment, Fiodor Mihailovich had to raise money at heavy interest to pay that bill. About eight or nine years later, in the 'seventies, I had on one occasion to go through a mass of documents, papers, and notebooks kept by Fiodor Mihailovich. Among the notebooks were also books of memoranda relating to the *Vremya*.

Imagine my surprise and indignation, when I found B.'s receipt for this very same sum of money which had already been paid him by Mihail Mihailovich, and also a note signed by B. in which he acknowledged the receipt of an advance of 60 roubles on account of a story which he undertook to write. I showed all these documents to Fiodor Mihailovich. His reply was: 'I could not have thought he was capable of deceiving me. What a man may be brought to by necessity!'

In my opinion a considerable part of the financial obligations shouldered by Fiodor Mihailovich were of a similar nature. In this way a debt of about twenty thousand roubles had accumulated and, with the ever-growing interest, it amounted to twenty-five thousand roubles, and all the last thirteen years of our married life we were engaged in paying off this debt. It was only one year before Fiodor Mihailovich's death that *all* our debts were paid off, and that we could begin to breathe freely without fear of being tortured, threatened, attacked, etc. Moreover, for the payment of these, partly fictitious debts, Fiodor Mihailovich had to work beyond his powers, to work hurriedly, sometimes running the risk of spoiling an imaginative work, and terribly tormented by the thought of what he was doing. Fiodor Mihailovich, myself, and all our family had to deny ourselves not only pleasure

and comfort, but our most urgent needs. We had to work hard during the whole time of our married life, concentrating all our thoughts on getting quit of the tormenting debts. How much happier, and more easily and comfortably my poor husband could have lived these fourteen years, and I too, if there had not always hung over us the worry of debt. If we had had money, Fiodor Mihailovich would not have been compelled to offer his work to editors, but could have waited until they came to him and offered to buy his novels, as was the case with all well-to-do writers: Turgenev, Ostrovsky, Pisemsky, etc. Had he not had those debts and the resulting cares that oppressed his spirit, Fiodor Mihailovich need not have written his works hurriedly, as he was compelled to do. He could have gone carefully through them, polishing them, before letting them appear in print; and one can imagine how much they would have gained in beauty. Indeed, until the very end of his life Fiodor Mihailovich had not written a *single novel* with which he was satisfied himself; and the cause of this was our debts!

And when I think of my life, there always arises in me a bitter feeling. I can understand the moral satisfaction when you pay *your own* debts. You remember that once some one helped you out of a tight corner, helped you in an anxious moment,

and you are delighted at the possibility of paying them back with gratitude. But quite a different feeling arises in my heart when I have to pay *other people's* debts, the debts of a man whom I have never known—Mihail Dostoevsky died in 1864,—and above all, fictitious debts, on bills extorted from my dear husband under false pretences. I often thought how far happier and more joyful my life would have been if I had not had those eternal troubles: where to get by such and such a date such and such a sum of money, where and for what amount to pawn this or that thing, how to arrange so that Fiodor Mihailovich should not get to know about a visit from this threatening creditor, or should not discover that I had pawned that article. Truly my life was darkened by all these affairs and worries, on them my youth was wasted, my health suffered because of them, and my nerves were shattered for ever.

And when I think that at least half of these debts, and therefore half of our miseries, could have been spared Fiodor Mihailovich and his family, if amongst his friends and acquaintances there had been found one or two good men, who would have cared to advise Fiodor Mihailovich in these practical matters which were so totally unfamiliar to him, it has always seemed to me inconceivable (and, to tell the truth, cruel)—that Fiodor Mihailo-

vich's friends (*nomina sunt odiosa*[1]), knowing his purely childish unpracticality, his extreme trustfulness, his ill-health and complete insecurity, could allow him to act in person and alone in this business of clearing up the liabilities of the review after the death of Mihail Dostoevsky. Could not the 'friends' foresee that Fiodor Mihailovich, so unpractical and so trustful, was in this case bound to make irreparable mistakes? Could not my dear husband's 'friends' have formed among themselves a group to help him to investigate the business, to settle the claims and to demand proofs of each debt? I am convinced that had such a group been formed, many claims would not have appeared at all, as they would have had to be submitted to a proper control. No, among Fiodor Mihailovich's 'friends' and 'admirers' not a *single* good man was found who cared to sacrifice his time and power and thereby to render him a true friendly service. Of course they were all sorry for Fiodor Mihailovich, and sympathised with his impossible position; but all their sympathy was 'words, words, words.'

It may perhaps be said that Fiodor Mihailovich's 'friends' were poets, novelists, critics, and what could they have understood of practical matters?

[1] Anna Gregorevna has evidently in view Dostoevsky's two greatest friends—N. N. Strahov and A. N. Maikov.—Tr.

Could they have given him practical advice? But surely they were not raw youths at that time (the 'sixties), and they managed their own affairs superbly.

It will perhaps be said that Fiodor Mihailovich wanted to be independent, and would not have welcomed such assistance from his friends. But this is an absolutely false idea. The proof of this is the readiness and the complete confidence with which he transferred all his business affairs into my hands, and listened to and adopted all my advice, although at the outset he naturally could not consider me an experienced business person. But he trusted me; and just as profoundly did he trust his friends also, and certainly would not have refused their assistance had it been offered to him. Yes, this has always astonished me and I never could explain to myself these 'friendly' relations, and in my soul there has always remained a bitter feeling of dissatisfaction and resentment against those 'friends' of my dear husband.

II

SUPPLEMENT

I have already mentioned that when our creditors learnt of our arrival from the papers, they just threw themselves on us. From their point of view

they were right; for they had been waiting a long time and wanted to get their money. But what could we do, if we had no means of satisfying them at once? My hope of obtaining the house which had been intended for me, and of selling it immediately in order to pay off our more pressing creditors, could not be realised at once; for my mother, on account of my brother's marriage, still remained abroad. In November 1871 also my sister, Marie Gregorevna Svatkovsky, who managed my mother's house, went away to Rome for the whole winter. She had promised, on her return in the spring, to hand over the houses, as well as all the accounts concerning it, to my mother, who intended to return to Russia in January 1872. We had thus willy-nilly to wait till the spring. And in the spring a terrible calamity befell us all: my sister Marie fell ill with typhus in Rome and died there on May 1, 1872. After her death it transpired that Marie had transferred her power of attorney for the management of my mother's houses to her husband; and the latter, in his turn, had transferred it to a person who was unworthy of the trust. In the course of three or four years this gentleman, having pocketed all the income derived from the houses, did not consider it necessary to pay the rates or the taxes. Thus large arrears were accumulated, and my mother's houses were

ordered to be sold by public auction. To our great misfortune, we had no means to pay the arrears and thus to save the houses from the enforced sale. Yet we reckoned that the houses would fetch a good price, and that my mother would receive, after paying the debts on the houses, a considerable sum, part of which she would give me instead of the house intended for me. But something completely unexpected happened. The gentleman who managed the houses entered into fictitious agreements with persons he had suborned, to whom he alleged he had let the houses on lease, for the maximum period allowed by law, ten years, and had received the rent due for all that period. This transaction transpired only at the auction; and it is obvious that no one was to be found who wanted to buy houses from which no income was to be derived for ten years. And then the scoundrel bought our houses for the amount of the arrears due to the Government and the comparatively small sum of debts resting on the property (about ten thousand roubles),—thus having managed to acquire for 12,000 roubles three houses and two large annexes, the value of which was not less than 40,000 roubles. It turned out in the end that not a penny was left to my mother, myself, or my brother. Certainly, we could have taken proceedings; but in order to do this money was needed, and we had

none. And besides, we had to deal with a clever swindler who managed to arrange things correctly from the legal point of view; so we should hardly have won the case. Besides, by taking legal action, we should have had to involve also my sister's husband, and this would have ended in a quarrel, and we should have been deprived of the possibility of seeing my sister's four orphan-children, of whom we were very fond. Having weighed all the possibilities, we decided not to take proceedings, and to reconcile ourselves to the loss of the houses. But how hard it was for me to bear the blasting of this, the most solid of my hopes of improving our difficult situation! But the utter hopelessness of this affair only became clear to me finally a couple of years later; for at first I still cherished the hope of receiving a certain sum of money and thus paying our most urgent debts.

At first I allowed the creditors to carry on negotiations with Fiodor Mihailovich, who insisted on it. But the results of those negotiations were disappointing: the creditors were impudent to him, threatened to distrain on our household things and to put him in the debtors' prison. After such negotiations Fiodor Mihailovich would be driven to despair, would pace his room for hours, would ruffle his hair on his forehead (his habitual gesture in great agitation), and repeat: 'Well, what are

we to do now?' And the next day there would often follow a fit of epilepsy. I was terribly sorry for Fiodor Mihailovich and, without telling him, I decided not to allow the creditors to see him, but to take all this annoying business on myself alone.

The servant was ordered once and for all, when opening the door to a caller, to say 'the master is asleep,' or 'the master is not at home, so will you please speak to the lady? She is always at home in the morning till 12.' What strange types used to come to me during those days! In most cases they were bill brokers who bought bills for a mere nothing and demanded payment in full, all sorts of civil servants' widows, landladies of furnished rooms, retired officials, low-down solicitors. Certainly, they all threatened distraint and the debtors' prison; but I had already learnt how to talk to them. My chief argument was the same as I employed in dealing with Hinterlach: 'I owe you nothing personally, the flat is in my name, and the furniture belongs to the furniture-dealer. Fiodor Mihailovich has nothing but his wearing apparel, which I suggest you should distrain on.' As regards the debtors' prison, I assured them that Fiodor Mihailovich would readily go there, since there he would be able to work. But in that case they would receive nothing. If, however, they wanted to settle matters amicably, I promised to

pay by instalments, at such and such a date, on such and such a month, so much money, and of this they might be assured. I gave my word for it, and now I could pay so much. The creditors, seeing the futility of their threats, would agree, and we would sign a separate agreement which gave me the certainty that so long as I kept my word, Fiodor Mihailovich's peace would not be disturbed: he would not be called before the magistrates, threatened, talked impudently to, etc. But how terribly difficult I found it to pay the promised sums at the appointed dates! What artifices I had to employ, to borrow money from relations, to pawn our things! We had to deny ourselves and our family primary necessities in order to be able to fulfil my obligations. Indeed, the money we received was never regular. It depended altogether on the success of the work, and with us, as the saying goes, it was 'either plenty or nothing.' We had to run into arrears for the flat, to take credit from the grocer's shop, to pawn things, and when we happened to receive money (400 or 500 roubles at a time), usually on the day after the receipt of the money (Fiodor Mihailovich always gave all the money to me) there remained 25 or 30 roubles only. My rule was, on receipt of the money, to redeem the things from the pawnbrokers (I had pledged things to the amount of 400 roubles),

firstly, so as not to pay interest, which was enormous then, sometimes 5 per cent. per month; and, secondly, in order that the pawnbroker's shop [1] should know that I was capable of redeeming my things and so should keep them safe. Besides this, I had a certain moral satisfaction in the knowledge that the things, of which I was so fond (all presents from Fiodor Mihailovich, my mother, and brother) were again in the house, if only for a short while. The visits of the creditors, and my negotiations with them, at times did not pass unnoticed by my dear husband. He would ask me, who had called, and on what business, and seeing my reluctance to tell him, he would reproach me for my reserve, for my not being quite frank with him. His complaints on such occasions he also expressed in his letters. But how could I be perfectly frank with him in these material difficulties of mine! For the sake of his health and of his work, on which our whole existence depended, he needed peace: worries upset him terribly and provoked his epileptic fits, which prevented him from working. It was a kind of [*a word missing in the MS.*]. Moreover, when he occasionally learnt what unpleasant things I had to suffer, Fiodor Mihailovich began to grieve over the fact that he had given

[1] At that time there did not exist *monts-de-piété*, or societies for lending money on movables, but there were pawnbrokers' shops, mostly kept by Jews.

me a life so full of cares and distress. And this again agitated and distressed him. And, with all my sincere desire to be frank with him—I had, after all, to conceal from him assiduously everything that might upset him, even at the risk of being reproached for my so-called reserve and lack of candour. How bitterly I felt those unjust reproaches! Yes, I had to endure a hard, a terribly hard life in the material sense during the twelve or thirteen years of our married life; for only in the year before Fiodor Mihailovich's death were all our debts paid, and I was able to put by small sums for the rainy day.

I remember with great bitterness of heart how unceremoniously certain relations of Fiodor Mihailovich's dragged money from our pocket for their own needs. However small our means, Fiodor Mihailovich did not consider it possible to refuse assistance to his brother Nicolay Mihailovich, or to his stepson Pavel Alexandrovich Isayev, and in urgent cases also to his other relations. Apart from a fixed monthly allowance (50 or 60 roubles), 'brother Kolya' received every time he paid us a visit five roubles; and what bitterness I felt when he, perhaps not without interested motives, increased his visits under various pretexts: to congratulate the children on their birthdays, to inquire after the health of every one of our family, and so on.

It was not miserliness that was responsible for this bitterness, but the painful consciousness that there were only twenty roubles in the house at the moment. Yet Fiodor Mihailovich would call me and say: 'Anechka, give me five roubles for Kolya'; when on the following day there was a payment due to some one, and if I could keep the five roubles, I should not have to go again to the pawnbroker's shop. But 'brother Kolya' was a pleasant and appealing person, and although at times I was angry with him for his repeated visits, I was always fond of him and valued his delicacy. The man who particularly irritated me was Pavel Alexandrovich Isayev. He did not ask, he demanded, and was perfectly convinced that he had a right to demand. Every time Fiodor Mihailovich received a large sum of money he gave Isayev without fail a considerable amount for his family. But Isayev very often had extra needs, and on these occasions he went straight for relief to Fiodor Mihailovich, although he knew perfectly well how hard our life was. He would come, and this is roughly the conversation which would take place.

He: 'Well, how is papa? How is his health? I must see him, I am in urgent need of forty roubles.'

I: 'Pavel Alexandrovich, you know we have not yet received money from Katkov; we have no money at all. To-day I had to pawn my

brooch for twenty-five roubles.' I show him the pawnbroker's ticket.

He: 'Well, pawn something else.'

I: 'But I have already pawned everything, and here are the proofs.'

He: 'But I *must* have the money for this.'

I: 'Buy it when we get the money.'

He: 'I can't postpone getting it.'

I: 'But I have no money.'

He: 'That is no business of mine—get it.'

And then I would begin persuading, coaxing Isayev to ask Fiodor Mihailovich not for 40 roubles, which I had not got, but for 15 roubles, so that I might be left with five in any case. Isayev after much coaxing would compromise, and consider that he was doing me a great favour by being satisfied with a smaller amount than he had originally asked for. Then my dear husband would call me to his study and say: 'Please, Anechka, give me 15 roubles, Pasha asks me for it.' And I would give the money with an unfriendly feeling, knowing that, if Isayev had not extorted this amount, we could have lived for three days in peace, and now I had to go again to-morrow to the pawnbroker and to pawn something else. All these are painful recollections, and I cannot forget how much distress that rude man caused me. Perhaps it may be asked why I did not resolutely protest against his

rudeness. But to make such a protest I should have had to quarrel with Isayev and his family; whereas I had taken a sincere liking to his wife and was sorry for her. Besides, I knew this trait in Fiodor Mihailovich's character: his good, sympathetic attitude to all who were wronged. In case of a quarrel Isayev might have moved Fiodor Mihailovich to pity, and presented himself as unjustly treated by me. And Fiodor Mihailovich, just because he was good, would undoubtedly have believed him and considered him an unhappy man to be pitied and helped. I had had experience of this once already when on one occasion I had a quarrel with Isayev. The latter immediately complained of me to Fiodor Mihailovich, represented the whole thing in a distorted light and reminded Fiodor Mihailovich of the request which his, Isayev's, mother had made to him 'to love Pasha.' It ended in this, that Fiodor Mihailovich asked me 'not to wrong Pasha, since although he was light-minded, yet he was a pleasant man, and was very fond of us all.' To safeguard Fiodor Mihailovich's peace I preferred to suffer myself and to deny myself everything, provided peace was preserved in our family.

I go back to the winter of 1871-1872, the first winter after our return from abroad. I must say

that, in spite of the worries caused us by our creditors, I remember that winter with real pleasure. The mere fact that we were again in our own country, amongst Russians and everything Russian, gave me unusual happiness. Fiodor Mihailovich, too, was satisfied with his return to Russia and with the possibility of meeting his friends again, and observing Russian life, with which he felt himself out of touch. In addition to meeting again Apollon Nicolayevich Maikov, with whom he had been friends since their youth, and N. N. Strahov, his favourite companion,—Fiodor Mihailovich made the acquaintance,—through his visits to his relation M. I. Vladislavlev,—of many scholars, as for instance, V. V. Grigoriev. He also made the acquaintance of Prince V. P. Meschersky, of T. I. Filippov, and of the whole circle that used to meet at Meschersky's dinners on Wednesdays. There, I believe, he also met, and later became friends with K. P. Pobiedonoszev, and this friendship continued right down to Fiodor's death. I remember that during that winter N. Y. Danilevsky also came to Petersburg. Fiodor Mihailovich who had known him in his young days as a Fourierist, and who greatly valued his book *Russia and Europe*, wished to renew the old friendship. Having met him at Strahov's, Fiodor Mihailovich asked him to lunch at our house where many interesting and clever

people assembled. The conversation went on till late in the evening.

That same winter Tretiakov asked Fiodor Mihailovich's permission to have his portrait painted for the Tretiakov Gallery in Moscow. For this purpose the artist Perov arrived from Moscow. Fiodor Mihailovich was certainly flattered, the more so that Perov turned out to be an extremely nice and simple man. Before setting to work Perov visited us daily for a week, and found Fiodor Mihailovich in various moods. He talked to him, discussed matters with him, and was thus able to catch and to embody in the portrait Fiodor Mihailovich's most characteristic expression, namely, the one Fiodor had when absorbed in his creative work. I may say that Perov managed to convey in the portrait Fiodor's 'moment of creation.' That expression I noticed many times in Fiodor's face when I happened to enter his study. I used to watch him 'looking into himself,' and to leave the room without saying a word. Afterwards I would learn that Fiodor was so absorbed in his thoughts that he had not noticed my entering the room, and did not believe I had been there. Perov was a clever man, and Fiodor loved talking to him. I also became friends with him and was always present at the sittings. That winter I did not go into society. I myself nursed my elder son Fedya,

and I could not well leave him alone for long. In fact I was so busy with the children, with working for Fiodor and with the house, that that happy winter passed like a dream. There came the spring of 1872, and with it a whole series of misfortunes, which left behind unforgettable consequences.

Fiodor Mihailovich's fits of jealousy very much grieved and tormented me. The most exasperating thing was that his jealousy had no grounds whatsoever; yet its manifestations placed me at times in an absurd position. I shall describe one such case. I have already mentioned that I dreamt of earning money by my shorthand and thus of assisting the family. An occasion of using my knowledge unexpectedly presented itself. In 1872 a conference of farmers was to take place in the city of Novo-Alexandria or Lomzha, and a shorthand-writer was needed for the conference. I was informed of this by my brother, a former student of the Petrovsky Agricultural School, who continued to take an interest in farming. Since the choice of a shorthand-writer depended on Professor Shafranov, I wrote to him, with the permission of my husband. Fiodor Mihailovich always maintained that in looking after the children and the house and in assisting him in his work, I was doing quite enough for the family; but knowing

my ardent desire to earn some money by other means he hesitated to oppose me, in the expectation (as he admitted to me later) that the post would already have been filled. Professor Shafranov replied that he agreed to recommend me and communicated the terms. True, they were not very tempting, and the greater part of the money would have been spent on the journey and on my stay in Alexandria. But to me it was not so much the money that mattered as the start I had made in getting work. If I did this work successfully, I could, relying on Professor Shafranov's recommendation, get more. Fiodor Mihailovich had no serious objections to the journey; for my mother had promised to come to live with us during my absence and to look after the children and the house. Fiodor Mihailovich himself had no work for me at that time; he was busy re-shaping the plan of his novel *The Possessed*. My intended journey obviously did not please him, and he tried to find various pretexts for my giving it up. How could I, a young woman, go by myself to a strange place, especially a Polish place? How would I live there, etc. etc.? My brother, who used often to come to see me, suggested that in order to resolve his doubts, Fiodor and I should go to see him the following evening, and promised to invite a friend of his (whose name I do not remember now,

but it ended with 'kyants' or 'idse,'[1] who had been several times in Alexandria and who was also going to the conference. We decided to do so. Next day Fiodor Mihailovich and myself went off to see my brother; and Fiodor Mihailovich, who had not been troubled by his epileptic fits for a long time, was in an excellent mood. We were having a quiet talk when suddenly there rushed in, almost at a run, a young man of about twenty-three, tall, with curly hair, with unusually protruding eyes and red lips, the type that is everywhere recognised as 'disgustingly handsome.' Entering and seeing his 'god' he became so confused that he hardly bowed to Fiodor or to the hostess, but gave all his attention to me (evidently, an earthly creature like himself), seized my hand, kissed it, shook it vigorously several times, saying in his lisping voice, that he was extremely delighted that I was going to the conference and that he was eager to be of service to me. His exaltation struck me as comic, and I put it down to his shyness and confusion. But this was not Fiodor Mihailovich's

[1] I had never seen that 'kyants' before, but knew of him by report. He was a nice, not particularly clever, Caucasian youth, whom his friends, on account of his passionate temper and impetuosity, called 'the wild Asiatic.' He was much hurt by that nickname, and to prove that he was a European, he created to himself in each art a 'god.' In music his 'god' was Wagner; in painting, Ryepin; and in literature, Dostoevsky. Hearing that he was going to make Dostoevsky's acquaintance and might render him a service, the youth was in a state of perfect bliss.

way of looking at it. Although he himself rarely kissed the hands of ladies and attached no significance to it at all, he was always displeased if some one applied this form of politeness to myself. And the young man's attitude irritated him extremely. My brother, who noticed that Fiodor Mihailovich's mood had changed (and his fluctuations from one mood into another were very rapid), hastened to start a business-like conversation about the conference; but the youth was still confused and replied neither to my brother's questions nor to those of Fiodor Mihailovich, but addressed himself exclusively to me. To my question: Was it a difficult journey and would there be many changes of train before we reached Alexandria? the young man replied that I was not to worry, that he was willing to come with me there, and that if I liked, he would travel in the same car as myself. I certainly declined his offer, saying that I would manage it all myself. To Fiodor Mihailovich's question whether there was a hotel there and would it be a suitable place for a young woman to stop at, the young man, still without venturing to look at his 'god,' and addressing me, exclaimed: 'But if Anna Gregorevna wishes, I could stop at the same hotel with her;—although I meant to stay with a friend.'

'Anya, do you hear, Anya? The young man

agrees to stop at the same hotel with you. But this is ex-cel-lent!' Fiodor Mihailovich cried out in his full voice, and struck the table with all the strength of his fist. The glass of tea that stood on the table went flying on the floor and was smashed to smithereens; the hostess rushed to support the lamp that shook from the blow, and Fiodor Mihailovich jumped up, rushed to the hall, threw his overcoat on and disappeared. I rushed after him, crying: 'Fedya, what's the matter? Fedya, come here'; but there was not a trace of him. Instantly I went to put on my cloak, but it took some time, and when I came out of the gate I saw a man in the distance running in the opposite direction to our usual walk home. So I had to run; and as I had young legs, in five minutes I overtook Fiodor Mihailovich, who by that time was out of breath and could not run as quickly. I hailed him several times and asked him to stop; but he refused to hear me. At last I managed to overtake him; I ran in front of him, seized with both my hands the skirts of his overcoat that he had thrown over his shoulders, and exclaimed: 'Fedya, you are going mad. Where are you running? This is not our way home. Wait, put your arms into the sleeves. You must not walk like that, you'll catch a cold.' My voice and agitated appearance had an effect on Fiodor Mihailovich; he stopped

and put on the coat with my assistance ; I buttoned it up, took his arm, and led him in the opposite direction. Fiodor Mihailovich, although he did all I told him, yet preserved a troubled expression. I lost my temper and said : ' Well, you have been jealous, haven't you ? You think I managed to fall in love with "the wild Asiatic" in a couple of minutes, and he with me, and we were going to elope, were we not ? Now you ought to be ashamed of yourself ! ' . . . And I began remonstrating with my poor husband, explaining how much he offended me by his jealousy. ' Why, haven't we been married for six years ? Don't you know how I love you and value our family happiness ? And you are capable of being jealous of the first fellow I meet and of placing me in a ridiculous position, etc., etc.' As my reproaches went on, Fiodor Mihailovich tried to apologise and to justify himself, and promised never to be jealous of me. But I took no notice of all this. In a word, I got from him all the amends that an ' infuriated wife ' could get. But I could not be cross for long with my dear husband. Having got into a temper and said all sorts of absurdities, I cooled down quickly, and I felt terribly sorry for Fiodor Mihailovich, the more so that I knew that he could not restrain himself in a fit of jealousy. Seeing the change in my mood, he began laughing at himself, inquired

how many things he had spoilt to-night at my brother's, and whether he hadn't incidentally given my rapturous admirer a hiding. It ended in our making peace on our way home, and as it was a wonderful evening we walked all the way. The incident did not pass without his buying Turkish Delight and smoked sturgeon.[1] It was a long way, and with our calls at the shops, it took us an hour and a half. On coming home, I found my brother there. Poor Ivan Gregorevich, seeing our flight, had imagined God knows what; he rushed off to us, and was astonished at finding neither myself nor Fiodor Mihailovich at home. Before our arrival he passed a whole hour in dark thoughts and presentiments; and how surprised he was when he saw us arrive home in the most amicable mood. We treated him to tea and sturgeon; and there was much laughter. To my question how he explained our strange flight to the young man, Ivan Gregorevich answered: 'When he asked what was the matter, I said: "Damn you! Can't you see it yourself?"'

The story ended happily; but I understood that I had to give up my journey. Certainly I could

[1] When little differences arose between us, and Fiodor felt himself in the wrong, but did not want to apologise, he would bring me a present—a pound of Turkish Delight or smoked sturgeon (my favourite), or both articles together, in proportion to the offence. I called this 'the olive branch,' and threatened to quarrel with him more often, so as to get these good things the oftener.

have persuaded Fiodor Mihailovich, and he would have let me go ; but then he would have begun to get agitated, he would not have held out, but would have rushed after me to Alexandria. It would have resulted only in a scandal, and in the waste of money, of which we had so little.

Thus ended my attempt to earn a living by shorthand.

F. M. DOSTOEVSKY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE (ON THE POUSHKIN CELEBRATION OF 1880 IN MOSCOW)

(*Just published in the original, from the hitherto unpublished materials in the Russian State Archives, by the Department of the Central Archives, Moscow,* 1922)

LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

INTRODUCTION BY N. BELCHIKOV

Dostoevsky's letters to his wife on the Poushkin Celebration of 1880 in Moscow, when he, on behalf of the Slav Charitable Society, delivered his famous speech[1] of June 8, 1880, are published from the originals, found amongst Dostoevsky's letters to his wife. The Department of the Central Archives took these letters from the State safes, together with other documents and materials relating to the works of Dostoevsky, in November 1921.[2]

F. M. Dostoevsky's letters to Anna Gregorevna were kept by her in a buckram wallet which contained eleven medium-sized packets. Those on the Poushkin Celebration were in a special packet (the eleventh), on the front of which is inscribed in his wife's handwriting a list of them and their dates.

In his wife's own Notebook (one hundred and eighty-seven numbered pages), entitled by her, 'Explanations of domestic affairs and instructions by

[1] Dostoevsky's speech on Poushkin is contained in *Pages from the Journal of an Author*, by F. M. Dostoevsky, translated by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry, published by Maunsel & Co., Dublin.

[2] An English translation of some of this material has recently appeared, published by the Hogarth Press, entitled *Stavrogin's Confession.*

Anna Gregorevna Dostoevsky in case of my death or of a serious illness—March 1902, and for the years following' (on the binding of which is written, '*en cas de ma mort ou une maladie grave*'), she expresses on pp. 23-24, relating to 'The Letters of the late Fiodor Mihailovich Dostoevsky to me from 1867-1880,' the following wish: 'Dostoevsky's letters to me, as being of great literary and public interest, may be published after my death in a review or in book form. . . . If they cannot be published as a whole, then those relating to the Poushkin Celebration should be chosen.'

Anna Gregorevna defined the significance of these letters absolutely correctly. In them is a clear picture of those days when men of different views gathered together round Poushkin's statue to give voice to their sincere opinion of those ideals for which Poushkin stood.

Dostoevsky reveals the struggle of the two irreconcilable tendencies of the social ideas and ideals of that period, and he points out his part in it and the significance of his own utterance. We see, too, the active and impatient party spirit of his contemporaries. On May 28-29, 1880, he writes to his wife: 'Remain here I must and I have decided to remain. . . . The chief point is that I am needed here not only by the "Lovers of Russian Literature," but by our whole party, by our whole idea, for which we have been fighting these thirty years. For the hostile party (Turgenev, Kovalevsky, and nearly the whole University) is quite determined to belittle Poushkin's significance as the representative of the Russian nation, and thereby to deny the very nation itself.' And further,

explaining why his presence is absolutely necessary: 'Against them, on our side, we have only Ivan Sergueyevich Aksakov (Yuriev and the rest have no weight), but Ivan Aksakov has grown rather out of date and Moscow is rather bored by him. Myself, however, Moscow has not heard nor seen, and it is in me alone that the people are interested. My voice will have weight, and thus our side will triumph. All my life I have been fighting for this; I can't run away from the field of battle now. When Katkov, who on the whole is not a Slavophil, says to me: "You mustn't go away, you can't go away," then, certainly, stay I must.'

Nobody thought, of course, of belittling Poushkin's significance. It was a false deduction of Dostoevsky's, due to his party bias and his belief that the real truth was only on the lips and in the consciousness of the men of his group. Without having yet seen Turgenev, or the other Westerners, Dostoevsky already held fast to that idea. Indeed, still further anticipating this difference of opinion, he wrote the following to K. P. Pobiedonoszev on May 19, 1880, before he left for Moscow: 'I am obliged to go to Moscow for the unveiling of the Poushkin memorial. And it turns out, as I had foreseen, that I am going not for pleasure, but perhaps even for immediate unpleasantness. For the point at issue involves my most cherished and fundamental convictions. While still in Petersburg I heard that in Moscow there is a certain clique which is trying to proscribe opinions contrary to its own at the Anniversary, and that it fears certain reactionary words.'

P. Bartenev preserved the following curious touch in his Reminiscences (*Russky Arkhiv*, 1891, vol. ii. p. 97,

note) : ' Although Dostoevsky's speech was not known to any one before he delivered it, yet at one of the sittings of the Preparations Committee it was nearly decided not to allow Dostoevsky to read anything at the Poushkin Commemoration. Several members of the Committee insisted on his non-admittance, saying that Dostoevsky had insulted Turgenev at a public dinner in Petersburg, by asking the latter point-blank and so loud that all could hear, what he wanted from our students, thereby putting the famous friend of the young generation in an awkward and embarrassing position. But this time the majority of the members of the Committee did not permit this ostracism. The discussions, however, were fiery.'

Dostoevsky, in his letter to his wife of June 5, refers to the friction among the parties, as something that, in his view, threatened trouble. ' Ostrovsky, the local Jupiter, came up to me. Turgenev, very amiable, ran up. The other liberal groups, amongst them Pleschеyev and even the lame Yazykov, bear themselves with reserve and almost haughtily, as if to say : You are a reactionary, but we are radicals. And, generally, complete dissension is already begun. I am afraid that all these different tendencies existing side by side for so many days may end in a fight.'

Behind the struggle between these social groups and their tendencies we discern the desire of the ambitious Dostoevsky for his own success. In his letter of May 27-28 he writes : ' If my speech at the solemn opening is successful, then in Moscow (and therefore in all Russia) I shall henceforth be more famous as a writer, I mean famous in the sense in which Turgenev and Tolstoy have already won greatness.'

Dostoevsky's speech had an extraordinary success. It was applauded equally by Aksakov, considered the leader of the Slavophils, and by Turgenev, the head of the Westerners.

Ivan Sergueyevich Aksakov in a letter to his wife (June 14, 1880), on the Moscow celebrations, thus sums up his impression of Dostoevsky's fiery eloquence: 'On the next day, June 8, Dostoevsky was to read (thus had we divided it between ourselves, knowing the similarity of our ideals); but seeing his nervous agitation I proposed that he should read first. He read, read masterfully, such a superb original thing, comprehending the national question still more widely and deeply than my article, and not merely in the form of a logical exposition, but in real and living images, with the art of a novelist; the impression was indeed overwhelming. I have never seen anything like it. It gripped everybody, both the public and all of us who sat on the platform, even, to a certain extent, Turgenev. (They cannot bear one another.) Dostoevsky's success is a genuine portent. He completely overshadowed Turgenev and all his disciples. Hitherto Turgenev has been the idol of the younger generation; in all his public speeches there were subtle allusions of a vague radical kind, which created a *furore*. He has always subtly flattered the young; and the very day before, speaking of Poushkin, he praised Bielinsky, and gave us to understand that he also was very fond of Nekrasov, etc. But Dostoevsky went straight and defiantly to the point: he maintained that Bielinsky understood nothing of Tatyana [the heroine of Poushkin's *Eugene Oniegin*]; put his finger straight on Socialism; gave the young a whole sermon: "humble

thyself, proud man, cease to be a wanderer in foreign lands, seek the truth in thyself, not outward truth," etc. Tatyana, whom Bielinsky (and all the new generation after him) called "a moral embryo" because she fulfilled her duty of faithfulness, Dostoevsky, on the contrary, exalted; and he put directly to the public the moral question: "Can personal happiness be created out of the unhappiness of another?"

'It was indeed remarkable how the young men, of whom there were perhaps a thousand in the hall, took that speech. They all went into such raptures that one young man rushed up to Dostoevsky on the platform, and fell into a nervous swoon. There were present girl-students from Geryé's school (an extreme Westerner), who only last year were wild about Turgenev. At the meeting they produced a laurel crown, from Heaven knows where, and presented it, amid universal applause, to Dostoevsky, for which they will probably have to pay dearly.

'One must remember, too, that Dostoevsky has the reputation of a "mystic," not a positivist, but a believer; here he even mentioned Christ. In a word, the triumph of our tendency in the person of Dostoevsky was complete, and all the speeches of the men of the so-called "forties" appeared mere rubbish. The excitement was so great that a long adjournment was necessary.' (*Russky Arkhiv*, 1891, vol. ii. pp. 96-97.)

Dostoevsky himself, still under the fresh impression of the ecstasy aroused by his fiery speech, believed in its great effect: 'It is a great victory for our idea over the twenty-five years of delusions. . . . A complete, a most complete victory!' (Letter to his wife, June 8.)

In a letter written to Countess S. A. Tolstoy (the wife of Alexey K. Tolstoy, the poet), on June 13, 1880, the day after his return from Moscow, Dostoevsky relates similar curious details concerning the impression produced by his inspired speech: 'Would you believe it . . . after my speech crowds of people in the audience wept, and embraced one another *and vowed to one another henceforth* to be better men. This was not a single case—I heard a number of accounts from persons even perfectly unknown to me, who crowded closely round me and spoke to me in frenzied tones (literally) of the impression my speech had made on them. Two greybeards came up to me and one of them said: "For twenty years we have been enemies and for twenty years we have done harm to one another; after your speech, we have now become reconciled, and have come to tell you." They were perfect strangers to me. There were many such declarations, and I was so overwhelmed and exhausted that I myself was as ready to fall down in a swoon, just like the student whom his friends had at that moment brought to me and who through ecstasy fell before me on the floor in a swoon. . . . And what a lot of women came to me to the Loskutnaya Hotel (some did not give their names) with the sole object of pressing and kissing my hands, when left alone with me.' (*Viestnik Europa*, No. 1, 1908, pp. 215-18.)

Indeed, there was genuine ecstasy; there was a wave of impulse, and on the immediate wave men of various 'faiths' came together: all were seized by one feeling—the wise Turgenev, the well-balanced Annenkov, the calm Aksakov. But, of course, there was no complete reconciliation, no meeting of roads, no fusion

of ideas. Victory there was, but a temporary one. It was impossible to fuse together the social and ideal currents, so different in their essence, represented by Turgenev and Dostoevsky, and the unprecedented days of unanimous rapture were short-lived. The *Viestnik Europa* was right in not trusting too much to this elated mood of reconciliation when it declared on the occasion of Dostoevsky's speech that 'the significance of Poushkin was estimated not so much in the spirit of calm historical criticism, as with an ecstatic feeling of worship, which corresponded to the mood of the moment. Dostoevsky even said that Poushkin was a prophet, and his poetry—the transformation of the future of Russia, when the Russian people will announce the truth to all mankind. With us, as we know, all public infatuations take the form of seizures, which pass quickly away, leaving behind them at times a remarkably weak impression.' All fused together, but did not really unite, in the seizure of enthusiasm for the mighty and profound speech of Dostoevsky, who manifested a width of outlook never attained by Turgenev. Dostoevsky's speech, as Aksakov said, was an 'event,' but it was not the cement which could bind life together.

The Liberal Press, immediately the speech was published, regarded it critically; and only a month later Dostoevsky himself had to undergo a feeling of disappointment with his contemporaries. While the raptures were still sounding, the *Viestnik Europa* ceased to share the general exultation and coldly observed: 'We think that Dostoevsky's statement of the future or even the present superiority of the Russian people over all the rest of the world, has, to begin with, this

defect; it is an example, and by no means a new one, of national self-glorification.' The attitude of the *Otechestvennya Zapiski* was still more severe. In that journal Gleb Ivanovich Uspensky, giving a hasty account of his impressions of the Poushkin Celebration, wrote: 'Immediately after the speech M. Dostoevsky was rewarded not only with ovations, but with adoration,' and he concluded his article thus: 'It is difficult to understand one who in himself reconciles such contradictions, and it will not be surprising if his speech, when it appears in the press and is carefully read, produces a quite different impression.' And so it happened. Uspensky himself, after reading the published speech, answered it more resolutely in an article in the *Otechestvennya Zapiski* entitled 'On the next day.' 'In M. Dostoevsky's words, the connection between the "wanderer" and the people is indissoluble; his purely national traits are indubitable; everything in him is national, everything is historically inevitable, according to law. Now, basing myself on these assertions, I reported Dostoevsky's speech, as it was published in my Letter from Moscow, rejoicing not at the "universal bird in the hand" which M. Dostoevsky promises to the Russian people in the future, but only at this, that certain phenomena of Russian life are beginning to be cleared up in a human sense, being measured in "the scale of mankind," not with maliciousness, as it has been in the past, but with a certain carefulness which has been lacking hitherto. But M. Dostoevsky, as it turns out, had a different design.

'From the passages of his speech which I quoted, the reader could already get an occasional glimpse of

the " omni " hare.[1] Here and there, as if unintentionally, the word " perhaps " is stuck in ; here and there is thrust, also as though accidentally, in the same breath, " for ever " and " for a long time." Such hare leaps make it possible for the author gradually to turn all Poushkin's " fantastic work " into the most ordinary doctrine of complete stagnation. Little by little, from hillock to hillock, by leaps and bounds, the " omni " hare reaches an impassable copse, in which his tail is no longer seen. At this point it appeared, for the reader somewhat imperceptibly, that Aleko [a Poushkin character], who, as we know, is a purely national type, is expelled by the people because he is not national. In the same way the national type of wanderer, Oniegin, is dismissed by Tatyana for the same reason. It turns out somehow that all these human-wanderer-national traits are negative traits. One more leap, and the " omni-human " man is transformed into " a blade of grass borne by the wind," into a visionary *uprooted from the soil.* " Humble thyself "—cries the threatening voice—" *happiness is not beyond the seas.*" What does this all mean ? What remains then of the " universal bird in the hand " ?

' There remains Tatyana, the key and solution of all the " fantastic work." It turns out that Tatyana is the very prophetic character for which all the commotion began. She is prophetic for this reason. Having driven away the " omni-human " Oniegin, because he was uprooted from the soil, she lets herself be devoured by the old General (since she cannot build her personal happiness on the unhappiness of another),

[1] The reference is to the claim of ' omni-human ' significance made for Poushkin by Dostoevsky in his speech.

although she still loves the wanderer. Admirable : she sacrifices herself. But alas ! it now appears that her sacrifice is not voluntary : " I am *given* unto another ! " To be hired is to be sold. It turns out that her mother forced her to marry the old boy, and the old boy, married to a young girl, who did not want to marry him—the old boy could not help knowing it—is called in the speech an " honest man." The speech does not say what the mother is like. Probably she, too, is a sort of " omni-human." Behold to what a homily of forced and stupid and coarse sacrifice the author has been driven by his abundance of hare-leap ideas.'

The *Slovo* was still more severe. ' The most surprising thing in Dostoevsky's speech is that, having taken his audience off its guard by this " omni-humanity " and universality of the Russians, having obtained ovations for this conjuring trick which was not seen through at first, Dostoevsky most crudely and bitterly jeered at this " omni-human " Russian. We do not think that Dostoevsky can deny that he created a *furore* chiefly because it was extremely gratifying to his audience to know that they bear in their hearts the ideal of universality and omni-humanity, as their special and specific essence. In our view, neither the public nor Dostoevsky need much praise for this ; for arrogating exclusively to themselves a quality so tremendous, which is inherent in all European peoples. It is unjust and extremely egotistical, just as egotistical, as, for instance, the denial of the rights of man to the peasants during the time of serfdom. The serf-owning landlords either completely deprived their peasants of many human qualities, or diminished those

qualities to the utmost limit. And Dostoevsky (so it at first appeared) teaches Russian society to think of other people, as our landowners thought of their peasants. It actually appears, however, that Dostoevsky was sneering at the Russian aspirations to universality. . . .'

Even Leontiev, the Conservative, as he calls himself in the preface to his article 'On Universal Love,' published in book form, replied to Dostoevsky's speech with a long article, published in the *Varshavsky Dnievnik* (July-August 1880). 'In my opinion,' wrote Leontiev, 'Dostoevsky's speech is a fiery, inspired, *red-hot* speech, but its foundations are utterly false, for it is illegitimate to confound so rashly and crudely as Dostoevsky did, the *objective love of the poet*, the love of a fine taste that needs variety, many-sidedness, an antithesis and even a *tragical* struggle, with moral love, with the feeling of mercy and the aspiration towards universal, monotonous meekness.'

In its main theses Dostoevsky's speech was most substantially criticised by the famous Petersburg professor Gradovsky (1841-89), jurist and publicist, a member of the staff of the *Golos*, in his article 'Dream and Reality' (*Golos*, June 25, 1880). In a serious and interesting article he controverts Dostoevsky's theses, and gives, in contrast to Dostoevsky, a comprehensive interpretation of the type of 'wanderer,' created by the *social* conditions.

'Above all it seems to us unproved,' wrote Gradovsky, 'that the "wanderers" have dissociated themselves from the very being of the Russian people, that they have ceased to be Russians. Up till now the bounds of their negation have not been in the least defined; the

object of their negation has not been indicated. And until this is defined we have no right to pronounce a final verdict.

' Still less have we the right to define them as " proud men," and to see the cause of their estrangement in this sinning against the Holy Ghost.

' Dostoevsky has expressed the " holy of holies " of his convictions, that which is at once both the strength and the weakness of the author of *The Brothers Karamazov*. In his words is contained a great *religious* ideal, a mighty preaching of *personal* morality, but there is not a hint even of *social* ideals.'

Gradovsky's criticisms were acute and irresistible. They made such a strong impression on Dostoevsky that he wrote his ' Answer to Gradovsky,' concerning which he writes to Pouzykovich on July 18, from Staraya Roussa : ' On May 20 I went to Moscow for the Poushkin Celebration—suddenly came the death of the Empress. The Celebration was continually postponed until June 6. In Moscow I had not even the time to sleep,—I was so continuously busy and surrounded by new people. Then came the Celebration and then, literally exhausted, I returned to Staraya Roussa. There I immediately sat down to the *Karamazovs*, wrote three folios, sent them off, and without having any rest, wrote straight off a whole number of *The Journal of an Author* (containing my speech), so as to publish it separately, as the only number (of *The Journal of an Author*) for this year. In it are also my answers to my critics, above all to Gradovsky. A new and unexpected turn showed itself in our society at the Poushkin anniversary (after my speech). But they have thrown themselves at it to diminish it and destroy

it, because of their fear of the new mood in society, a mood which they call reactionary. It has become necessary to re-establish things and I have written an article, so exasperating, so purposely severing all connection with them that now they will curse me in the Seven Councils. Thus,' Dostoevsky concludes, ' in the single month after my return from Moscow I have written altogether literally six printed folios. Now I am done for and almost ill ' (*Moskovsky Sbornik*, edited by S. Sharapov, Moscow, 1887).

A day before this, on July 17, Dostoevsky wrote to Elena Alexandrovna Stakenschneider the following lines :

' On June 11 I returned from Moscow to Roussa, terribly tired, but I sat down to the *Karamazovs* immediately and wrote in one gulp three folios. After sending this off, I began to read all that had been written about me and my Moscow speech in the papers—I had read nothing of it till then, as I was busy working—and I decided to reply to Gradovsky, that is, not so much to Gradovsky, as to publish *our complete profession of faith* all over Russia : for the momentous and grand, the utterly new turn in the life of our society which showed itself at the Poushkin anniversary, has been maliciously erased and mutilated. In the Press, especially the Petersburg Press, they have become literally frightened of the *utterly new* thing, unlike anything that has been before, which declared itself in Moscow. For it means that society does not want only to sneer at Russia, only to spit on her ; it means that society persistently desires something different. The Westerners need to erase it all, to destroy, to sneer, to distort, and to reassure every one.

There was nothing new in it; it was only the usual complacency after a good Moscow dinner. We fed famously. While still in Moscow I decided, after having published my speech in the *Moscowskya Viedomosti*, to bring out in Petersburg one single number of *The Journal of an Author*—the only number for this year—and to publish in it my speech and a short preface which occurred to me literally at the very moment when I stood on the platform, immediately after my speech, and Turgenev and Annenkov also, together with Aksakov and others, rushed up to embrace me and, pressing my hands, *told me* over and over again that I had written a work of genius. Alas! are they thinking the same of it now? The thought of how they are taking it, now the raptures are over, forms the theme of my preface. The preface and speech I sent off to Petersburg to the printers, and I already had the proofs when I suddenly made up my mind to write a new chapter for *The Journal*, a profession of faith, addressed to Gradovsky. It ran into two folios; I have written it and put my whole soul in it, and to-day, only to-day, I 've sent it off to Moscow to the printers.' (*Russky Arkhiv*, vol. iii. pp. 307-8, 1891.)

Dostoevsky made still more bitter confession concerning contemporary criticisms of his speech in a letter to O. F. Miller (August 26, 1880): 'You see how I have got it from nearly all our Press for my speech in Moscow: it 's as though I 'd committed a theft, fraud, or forgery in a bank. Even on Yukhanzev (a notorious swindler of the time) they did not pour such filth as they 've poured on me.' (*Dostoevsky's Biography*, etc., Petersburg, 1883, p. 343.)

F. M. DOSTOEVSKY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE ANNA GREGOREVNA DOSTOEVSKY

(During May and June, 1888, *from Moscow, on the Poushkin Anniversary.)*

I

Moscow, *May* 23-24, 1880.

My dearest friend Anya, you can't imagine how the news of the death of the Empress upset me. Peace to her soul, pray for her. I heard about it from the passengers in the train just after we left Novgorod. The thought struck me immediately that the Poushkin festivities might not take place. I even thought of returning home from Tchudov, but gave up the idea because I could not decide. I kept thinking ' If there are no celebrations, then the memorial could be unveiled without celebrations, with just literary meetings and speeches.' Only on the 23rd when I bought the *Moscowskya Viedomosti* as we left Tver, I read the announcement of Governor-General Dolgorouky, that the Sovereign had ordered the postponement of the unveiling of the memorial to another date. I thus arrived at

Moscow without any object whatsoever. I think of leaving on Tuesday the 28th at 9 o'clock in the morning. Till then I shall, at least, avail myself of the opportunity now that I am in Moscow and get to know something. I shall also see Lubimov and have a talk with him about the whole idea, also Katkov. I shall go the round of the booksellers, etc. If only I can manage it all! I shall, at last, also learn all the ins and outs of these literary intrigues. I parted with Anna Nicolayevna in Tchudov; we kissed each other cordially. She promised to come back if it is at all possible. It was a hot day. Literally I did not sleep a wink and I was tired and completely done up when I arrived at Moscow about 10 o'clock (Moscow time). At the station Yuriev, Lavrov, all the editorial staff and contributors of the *Russkaya Mysl*, Nicolay Aksakov, Barsov, and a dozen others were waiting to welcome me. We were introduced to one another. Immediately they asked me to come to Lavrov for a specially arranged supper. But I was so worn out by the journey, so unwashed, my linen, etc., so dirty that I refused. To-morrow, the 24th, at 2 o'clock, I shall go to see Yuriev. Lavrov said that the best and most comfortable hotel in Moscow was the 'Loskutnaya' (on the Tverskoy, close to the Square, close to the Church of Our Lady of Iversk), and he instantly rushed

away and brought back with him a driver saying he was a cabman, but I don't believe he was a cabman, but an expensive coachman or perhaps his own. When he put me down at the hotel, he refused any money, but I forced 70 kopecks on him. The 'Loskutnaya' is full up, but they found a room for me at three roubles per day, very decently furnished; but its windows face the court and a wall, so that I think it will be dark to-morrow.—I foresee that my speech cannot be published before I deliver it. It would be strange to publish it now. Thus, my journey will not pay for itself for the time being. It is now one o'clock in the morning. It is very hard to be without you three, without you and the dear children.

I kiss you all a great deal, first you, and then Lilya and Fedya. Give them a big kiss from me and tell them that I love them awfully. Probably I shall not have time to get anything from the booksellers, for they will hardly settle accounts in two days.

Good-bye for now. I wonder if I shall have a letter from you. Write care of Elena Pavlovna. I don't think you can answer this letter, however, as I should not get it before the 29th, and on the 29th I want to be in Roussa. If you yourself have thought of writing to Elena Pavlovna, it would be splendid. If any misfortune happens (which God

forbid) wire to me to the 'Loskutnaya,' on the Tverskoy, F. M. Dostoevsky. My room is No. 82.

Once again I embrace all the three of you and kiss you many times.—Your F. Dostoevsky.

II

Loskutnaya, on the Tverskoy,
Moscow, *Sunday, May* 25, 1880.

My dear friend Anya, yesterday morning Lavrov, N. Aksakov, and a lecturer of the University called Zveriev, arrived on an official visit; they came to present their respects. The same morning I had to return visits to all three. It took a long time driving about. After that I went to Yuriev. A rapturous reception with embraces. I learned that they wanted to petition that the unveiling of the memorial should be put off to the autumn, in October instead of June or July, as the authorities seem inclined to suggest; but then the opening will be *escamoté*, for no one will come.

From Yuriev I could not get any sensible account of the progress of the affair; he is a chaotic man, Repetilov in a new shape. [Repetilov—a character from Griboyedov's play *Sorrow through Intelligence.*] Yet he is by no means a fool. (Intrigues there certainly were.) I mentioned, by the way, my article, and suddenly Yuriev said to me:

'I didn't ask for your speech' (that is, for his magazine). Yet I remember that in his letters he did ask for it. The point is that Repetilov is sly: he does not want to take the speech now and pay for it. 'In the autumn, you give it us in the autumn; to nobody else but us. We are the first to ask you, you see, and by that time you will have polished it more carefully.' (As much as to say that he knows exactly it is not carefully polished now.) It 's true I immediately stopped talking about the speech and promised it for the autumn, but only in a general way. I disliked the business awfully.—Then I went to Madame Novikov; was received very graciously. After that—visits, then to Katkov: I found neither Katkov nor Lubimov at home. I went off to the booksellers. The two (Kashkins) have moved. They all promised to give me something on Monday. I wonder if they will. However, I am leaving on Monday and shall try to find out their new addresses. Afterwards I called on Aksakov. He is still in town, but I did not find him at home, but in the bank. Then, coming home, I dined. After this, at seven o'clock I drove to Katkov: I found both Katkov and Lubimov, was received very, very cordially, and I talked with Lubimov about the delivery of the *Karamazovs*. They insist very strongly on having it in June. (When I come back I shall have to

work like the devil.) Afterwards I mentioned the speech, and Katkov pleaded with me to let him have it, that is, for the autumn. Being furious with Yuriev, I almost promised. So that now, should the *Russkaya Mysl* want the speech, I 'll make them pay through the nose for it, or it goes to Katkov. (The speech by that time can be made longer.)

From Katkov's (where I upset a cup of tea over myself) I went to Varya. I found her in, and although it was about ten already we drove with her to Elena Pavlovna. Varya had just had a letter from brother Andrey (concerning the titles of nobility) to be handed over to me. I took the letter. Elena Pavlovna, as it turned out, had moved to another house ; she has given up keeping apartments. We went to the new house to pay her a visit and found there Masha and Nina Ivanov (with whom Elena Pavlovna has made it up), and Khmyrov. The Ivanovs are going in a couple of days to ' Dorovoye,' Khmyrov is also going, as his wife is staying there with Vera Mihailovna. We sat there about an hour. Coming home, I found a letter, delivered in person by N. Aksakov and Lavrov : they invite me on the 25th (that is, to-day) to dinner and will call for me at 5 o'clock. The dinner is given by the contributors of the *Russkaya Mysl*, but others will be present as well. I think

there will be between fifteen to thirty guests, from Yuriev's hints (when I saw him). Apparently the dinner is being given to celebrate my visit, that is, in my honour; it will probably be in a restaurant. (All these young Moscow authors ardently long to make my acquaintance.) It is now after two o'clock. In two hours they will come here. My only trouble is, what to put on—a frock-coat or evening jacket? Now this is the whole bulletin. I have not asked Katkov for money, but I told Lubimov that I might need some in the summer. Lubimov answered that he would give it me the moment I asked for it. To-morrow I shall go the round of the booksellers. I'll have to call on Elena Pavlovna to see if there is a letter from you; to be at Mashenka's, who begged me to come, etc. After to-morrow, on Tuesday, the 27th, I am leaving for Roussa, but don't yet know whether by the morning or afternoon train. I am afraid that to-morrow they won't let me do much work: Yuriev roared all the while that he 'must have a chat, a chat' with me, etc. On the whole, I miss you very much, and my nerves are not right. I don't think I shall write to you again unless something very special happens. Good-bye for now, darling. I kiss you a great deal and the children. Many kisses to Lilya and Fedya. I love you all very much.—Your F. Dostoevsky.

P.S.—(May 25, 2 o'clock in the afternoon.) My dear Anya, I have broken open yesterday's envelope so as to send a postscript. This morning Ivan Sergueyevich Aksakov came to me to beg me most insistently to remain here for the celebrations, since they will take place, according to everybody, before the 5th. He says that I ought not to go away, that I have no *right* to, that I have an influence on Moscow, and above all on the students and the younger generation as a whole; that my going off will injure the triumph of our convictions; that yesterday at dinner he had heard the draft of my speech and that convinced him finally that I must speak, and so on, and so on. On the other hand, he said to me that as delegate of the Slav Charitable Society I could not very well go away, since all delegates remain waiting here, in view of the rumour that the ceremony is coming off. He left, and immediately after came Yuriev (with whom I am dining to-day), and said the same. Prince Dolgorouky left to-day (the 25th) for Petersburg, and promised to send a telegram from Petersburg stating the exact day of the unveiling of the memorial. The telegram is expected not later than Wednesday, the 28th, *but it may also come to-morrow.* This is what I decided: to remain here and wait for the telegram about the day of the opening, and if the opening is really fixed between

the first and fifth of June, then I shall remain. But if it be postponed, then I 'll leave for Roussa on the 28th or 29th,—this is what I said to Yuriev. The principal thing is that I can't find out anything about Zolotariov. Yuriev promised to find out to-day and to come to me with news of him. Then in spite of being a delegate of the Slav Charitable Society I could go away, having charged Zolotariov to be present at the ceremony alone. (By the way, wreaths for the memorial are being charged to the delegates' own account, and a wreath costs 50 roubles !) [*Here four lines are struck out.*] Then Yuriev began bothering me about publishing my speech in the *Russkaya Mysl.* Finally I told him frankly exactly how matters stood, namely, that I had *almost promised it* to Katkov. He was terribly excited and grieved ; he apologised, maintained that I had not understood him right, that it had resulted in a misunderstanding ; and when I let drop a hint that I am paid for my work, he said that Lavrov had instructed him to pay anything I might ask, *i.e.* even 400 or 500 roubles. It was at this point I told Yuriev that I had *almost* promised the article to Katkov. What I had in view was to ask him to put off the *Karamazovs,* and to make up for this, instead of the *Karamazovs,* he would have the speech on Poushkin. But now, if I let the *Russkaya Mysl* have my speech, it will

look as if I am trying to get a postponement from Katkov with the express object of availing myself of that postponement in order to work for his enemy Yuriev. (Imagine, now, what a position I am in ! But it is Yuriev himself who is to blame.) Katkov will be offended. True, Katkov won't pay, for instance, 400 roubles (it is for the *Karamazovs* that he is giving 300 roubles ; for the speech he may not give 300 roubles), so that the one or two hundred more from Yuriev would cover my staying here till the unveiling of the memorial. In a word, there 's a mass of worries and difficulties. How it will all end I don't know, but I have decided meanwhile to remain here till the 28th. So that, if the unveiling of the memorial is not fixed before the 5th, I shall return to Roussa on the 29th or 30th, having arranged to publish my speech somewhere. (But try to write to me immediately ; I again repeat my request.) Am I not to have a single line from you ? *Do write without fail* to the addresses which I told you of yesterday in my letter (the one with the postscript). Telegraph, if you like.

Yuriev told me that a number of people called on him to-day to abuse him : why had he concealed yesterday's dinner from them ? Four students even came to him to ask for a place at the dinner. Among the others were Suhomlinov

who is here now, Gatzuk, Viskovatov, and more of them. I 'm off to the booksellers. Good-bye for now. I kiss you all once again.—Your

F. Dostoevsky.

Yuriev has already got Ivan Aksakov's speech on Poushkin. That is probably why they were so vague the day before yesterday. But having heard yesterday at the dinner what I was saying about Poushkin he probably decided that my article, too, is *indispensable*. Turgenev has also written an article on Poushkin.

III

Loskutnaya, on the Tverskoy
(Room No. 33),
Moscow, *May* 25-26, 1880.

My dear friend Anya, here is one more letter (I am writing after one o'clock in the morning). Perhaps you will receive it after my return (for I still intend leaving on Tuesday the 27th), but I write to you *in any event*, for circumstances are shaping so that I shall perhaps have to remain here for some time longer. But to begin at the beginning. To-day, the 25th, at 5 o'clock, Lavrov and Nicolay Aksakov called on me and took me in their own carriage to the Hermitage restaurant. They were in frock-coats and I too went in a frock-coat,

although the dinner, as it turned out, was given expressly in my honour. At the Hermitage authors, professors, and men of letters, twenty-two of them altogether, already awaited us. The first thing Yuriev, who received me most ceremoniously, said was that many people had done their utmost to be present at the dinner, and if it had been postponed for one day only, hundreds of guests would have come. But it had been arranged too hastily, and now they are afraid that, when the many others come to hear about it, their reproaches will be bitter for not having been asked. There were present four professors of the University, one director of a public school, Polivanov (a friend of the Poushkin family), Ivan Sergueyevich Aksakov, Nicolay Aksakov, Nicolay Rubinstein (the Moscow one), etc., etc. The dinner was arranged extraordinarily sumptuously. A whole reception room was engaged (at no small cost). The dinner was on such a luxurious scale that afterwards two hundred magnificent and expensive cigars appeared with the coffee and liqueurs. They order these things differently in Petersburg! Dried sturgeon, *osiotr* a yard long, a yard long stewed sterlet, turtle soup, strawberries, quails, wonderful asparagus, ice-cream, rivers of most exquisite wines and champagne. Six speeches (the speakers rising from their chairs) were made to me, some

very long ones. They were by Yuriev, both Aksakovs, three of the professors and Nicolay Rubinstein. At dinner two congratulatory telegrams were received, one of them from a most respected professor who had been called away suddenly from Moscow. They spoke of my ' great ' significance as an artist with ' universal sympathy,' as a publicist and as a Russian. After that, an infinite number of toasts were given, at which all got up and came to me to touch glasses. Further details when we meet. All were in a state of rapture. I answered them all with a speech which went off very well and produced a great effect, by managing to switch on to Poushkin. This made a great impression.

Now for a most intolerable and most awkward business : a deputation from the ' Lovers of Russian Literature ' called to-day on Prince Dolgorouky, and he declared that the opening of the memorial would take place between the first and fifth of June. Yet he did not fix a definite date. Now, of course, they are all in raptures, as the authors and certain delegations will not disperse, and although there will be no music and no theatrical performances, there will be meetings of the ' Society of Lovers of Literature,' speeches and dinners. But when I announced that I was going away on the 27th, there was an absolute storm : ' We shan't let

you!' Polivanov (who is on the Unveiling Committee of the Memorial), Yuriev and Aksakov declared aloud that all Moscow was buying tickets for the sittings, and all those who bought tickets (for the meetings of the 'Lovers of Russian Literature') asked when they took them (and sent to inquire several times): *Will Dostoevsky speak?* And as they could not tell at which meeting I was going to speak, at the first or at the second,—then they all began taking tickets for both meetings. 'All Moscow will be offended and indignant with us, if you go away now,' they said to me. I made the excuse that I must write the *Karamazovs* (and deliver the part for the June No.); they began in all seriousness to shout about sending a deputation to Katkov to ask him to postpone the date. I began saying that you and the children would be anxious if I were to remain here for so long, and then (perfectly seriously) they not only proposed sending you a telegram, but also a deputation to Staraya Roussa to ask you if I may remain here. I answered that to-morrow, that is, Monday the 26th, I'll decide.

I am sitting here in terrible perplexity and uneasiness. On the one hand, there is the consolidation of my influence not in Petersburg alone, but also in Moscow, which matters a great deal; on the other, there is this being away from you,

the difficulties about the *Karamazovs* (the writing and delivery on the appointed date to Katkov's magazine), the expense, etc. Finally, although my 'Word' on Poushkin will now certainly be published, where is it to appear? I almost promised it, on Saturday, to Katkov. And in this case the 'Lovers of Russian Literature' and Yuriev will be saddened. If I give it to them, Katkov will be angry. I am still thinking of going away without fail, if not on the 27th, then on the 28th or 29th, as soon as Dolgorouky sends a notification of the *exact* date of the opening. Perhaps, I shall have to wait until that notification arrives. On the other hand, all that Dolgorouky has said as yet has been his personal opinion; he has not yet got the definite date from Petersburg. (I think he is going to Petersburg himself for a few days.) So suppose I remained till June 5th, and then there suddenly came an order to postpone everything till the 10th or 15th, should I still have to wait here? To-morrow I shall tell Yuriev, that I am going on the 27th, that only in the case of definite and serious circumstances I shall remain. At any rate, I am in awful perplexity now. After dinner I called at Elena Pavlovna's but found nothing from you. Certainly it is still early for letters from Roussa, but shall I really receive none to-morrow? With Elena Pavlovna I drove off to

Mashenka Ivanov and told her that I had dined with Rubinstein; she was in raptures. At any rate, as soon as you receive this letter, answer me without fail: even if I leave, Elena Pavlovna will send on the letter, without opening it, to Roussa. So answer immediately, without fail. Elena Pavlovna's absolutely exact address is: 'Ostozhenka, borough of Voskresenye, in the house of Mme. Dmitrevsky, to be given to F. M. Dostoevsky.' Should you want to telegraph, send either to Elena Pavlovna, or direct to me, Hotel Loskutnaya, on the Tverskoy,—I am certain to receive it. (Your letters you had better address to Elena Pavlovna.)

I was elected a member of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature' as far back as a year ago, but the late secretary, Bezsonov, neglected to notify me about the election, for which they now apologise. I hold you firmly in my arms, my dear one. I kiss the children. I have strange and ominous dreams at night.—Wholly your

F. Dostoevsky.

P.S.—I think after all I shall put my foot down and leave on the 27th. True enough, I shall not be able to publish my speech then, for it will not have the value of a speech, it will only be an article. This must be thought out.

[*On the margin is the following.*] I made a good speech.

I embrace you once again. Kiss the children, tell them about their Daddy.

IV

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *May* 27, 1880, 3 P.M.

My dear friend Anya, more news. When I arrived in Moscow, Yuriev and Lavrov saw me to the Loskutnaya, and I engaged there a room, No. 32, at three roubles per day. The next morning the manager of the hotel (a young man, apparently an educated man) came to me and in a gentle voice proposed that I should move to No. 33, the room opposite. As No. 33 was incomparably better than my No. 32, I instantly agreed and moved in. I only wondered to myself, how it was that such a nice room should go for the same price, three roubles; but since the manager said nothing about the price, but simply asked me to move in there, I concluded then that it also was three roubles. Yesterday, the 26th, I dined at Yuriev's, and Yuriev suddenly said that in the Town Hall I am registered as staying in the Loskutnaya, No. 33. I was surprised and asked him: 'How does the Town Hall know?' 'But you are staying

there at the expense of the Town Hall,' Yuriev replied. I lifted up my voice at that; Yuriev replied resolutely that I could not do otherwise than accept accommodation from the Town Hall; that all the visitors are staying at the hotels at the expense of the City, that even Poushkin's children and Poushkin's nephew Pavlischev are staying at our hotel, all of them at the expense of the City; that by refusing to accept the hospitality of the City, I will offend them and it will be considered a scandal; that the City is proud to count men like myself among its guests, etc. etc. At last I decided that even if I did accept my lodging from the City I shall on no account accept board as well. When I returned home, the manager came in again to ask me: Was I satisfied? Did I want anything? Was it quiet? All this with the most obsequious politeness. I instantly asked him: 'Is it true that I am staying at the expense of the City of Moscow?'—'Precisely so.'—'And my board?'—'All your board as well.'—'But I do not want to!'—'In that case you will offend not only the Town Hall, but the whole City of Moscow. The City is proud to have such guests, etc.'—Anya, what shall I do now? I can't refuse to accept it; there will be rumours about it; it will become an anecdote, a scandal, as though I had refused the hospitality of the whole City of Moscow, etc. Then

in the evening I asked Lavrov and Yuriev,—and they were surprised at my scruples and simply say that I shall offend all Moscow, that people will remember it, that there will be gossip about it. So I see positively that I must accept their hospitality entire. But, how all this will worry me!—Now I shall deliberately go out to dine at a restaurant so as to reduce my bill as much as possible, seeing that the bill will be presented to the Town Hall. And I 've already twice complained about the coffee and sent it back to have it boiled thicker. In the restaurant they will say: See how he plays the gentleman at other people's expense. Twice I 've asked in the office for stamps; when the bill is presented to the Mansion House, they will say: See, how he enjoyed himself! He even got his stamps at our expense! It is a great strain on me, but certain items I will certainly have put to my account. I believe this might be arranged. As a result, however long I stay in Moscow I shan't have very great expenses.

(N.B.—Yesterday I received from (the booksellers) Soloviov, from Kishkin and from Priesnov 170 roubles altogether; you yourself will see the accounts when I come home. From the Central Shop and from the Morosovs I have not received anything yet.)

Yesterday at four o'clock in the afternoon

Dolgorouky stated (definitely) that the unveiling of the memorial would take place on the 4th June and that Petersburg urgently desired it. A final telegram from Dolgorouky as to the exact day of the unveiling will arrive only to-morrow, but *every one* is firmly convinced that the opening will be on the 4th, and besides, letters to this effect have also been received from Petersburg. Delegations (a multitude) from various towns and organisations are waiting here and not going away. There is the greatest excitement. They positively won't let me go away. I have decided now: I believe I 'll stay for certain if the opening takes place on the 4th. Then I 'll leave for Roussa, and on the 8th or 9th I shall be with you. This morning Grigorovich called on me, also Yuriev; they began crying that my going away will be considered by all Moscow as an affectation; every one will be surprised; all Moscow keeps on inquiring whether I shall be present; that people will circulate stories about the whole affair. It will be said that I was so lacking in patriotism that I would not put aside my personal business for a higher object. For in the rehabilitation of the significance of Poushkin every one all over Russia sees a means for expressing the new change of convictions, of mentality, of tendencies. Two things stand in my way as a hindrance and torment my soul: the first is the

Russky Viestnik and the obligation which I acknowledged a month ago to deliver the *Karamazovs* for the June number. If I come home on the 10th, what shall I be able to do in some ten days? Four days ago Lubimov said that a further postponement, till July, depended on Markevich; if he sent in some part of his novel, mine could be postponed; but if he does not, they can't do it. An answer from Markevich will not come before the 10th of June. Thus, I am in the dark and anxious. I had thought of writing the *Karamazovs* here, but because of the continuous bustle, visits and invitations, it is almost impossible. The second reason which torments me is my longing to be with you: I have not had a single line from you up till now, and we had agreed that you would write care of Elena Pavlovna! What is the matter with you, tell me for the love of God! Why don't you write? Are you well, safe? Are the children well? If you had written telling me whether to wait here or not till the unveiling I should be easy about it. You must have seen in the papers that the Empress was dead. Why didn't you write then, foreseeing that I must certainly be in a difficult position. Every day, and yesterday in the rain, I 've had a very long drive to Elena Pavlovna's to inquire: Aren't there any letters? There and back the cab fare is one rouble. Do write, write without fail.

But I believe I shall decide to remain here for certain. If only I could be sure of the date, otherwise what shall I do if they postpone it again? Yesterday, by a most pressing invitation, I was at an evening party at Lavrov's. Lavrov, the publisher and the backer of the *Russkaya Mysl*, is my passionate, frenzied admirer, who has been feeding on my works for many years now. He himself is a very rich retired merchant. His two brothers deal in grain, but he has got out of the business and lives on his capital. He is thirty-three years old, a most sympathetic and sincere man, devoted to art and poetry. At the evening party about fifteen local men of letters and authors were present, a few also from Petersburg. My appearance there yesterday aroused enthusiasm. I did not intend remaining to supper, but, seeing that I should mortally offend all of them, I remained. The supper was like a grand dinner, luxuriously served, with champagne. After supper, champagne and cigars—75 roubles per hundred. (The dinner the other day was a subscription dinner, a very modest one, not more than 3 roubles a head, but all the luxuries, the flowers, turtle soup, cigars, the reception room itself, Lavrov himself contributed.) I came home about four in the morning. To-day Grigorovich told me that Turgenev, who has come back from visiting Leo Tolstoy, is ill, and that Tolstoy is

almost deranged, and perhaps gone completely off his head.[1] Annenkov too has returned; what will our meeting be like? Yuriev came here for my article just now, imploring me to give it without fail to the *Russkaya Mysl*. Zolotariov is coming (he sent a message). Only from you alone I receive no news. Anya, for the love of Christ, write to me at the addresses I gave you. Have you had all my letters? Up till now I have written every day. You, Anya, love to ask, Do I love you? And you yourself don't miss me at all, and I miss you. How are the little ones? Only to hear a little word from them! It is not easy, almost another fortnight of being away from you. Good-bye for now, my darling, I kiss you ever so much, I kiss the children and bless them. If anything new happens, I shall write to-morrow.—Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

P.S.—In our hotel, besides myself, three others are also staying at the expense of the Mansion House: two professors from Kazan and Warsaw and Pavlischev, Poushkin's own nephew.

[1] A reference to the abandonment of artistic work by Tolstoy and his absorption in religious and philosophical problems. Tolstoy's *Critique of Dogmatic Theology* appeared in 1880, and his *Brief Exposition of the Gospels* in 1881.

V

Loskutnaya, Room No. 33,
Moscow, *May* 27-28, 2 A.M.

My dear friend Anya, at last, this evening, I received from you five lines, in pencil, written on the 24th. And this I received only on the evening of the 27th! How long a letter takes! I was awfully glad, but also saddened, for there were only five lines, and they began with 'Dear Fiodor Mihailovich.' Well, never mind! I hope to receive more next time. You know now everything from my letter; it seems I shall certainly have to remain here for the unveiling of the memorial. In the evening I was at Katkov's. I told him everything (he had already heard from others about how 'Moscow' was waiting for me); and he said firmly I must not go away. To-morrow there will be a telegram from Dolgorouky and the day of the opening will be definitely settled. But every one says the 4th. If the opening takes place on the 4th, I 'll leave probably on the 8th (if not on the 7th even), and on the 9th I shall be in Roussa. I called on Katkov with the object of obtaining a postponement of the *Karamazovs* till the July number. He listened to me very amiably (and was altogether very friendly and obliging, as he never had been to me before), but he said nothing

definite about the postponement. All depends on Markevich, that is, on whether he sends in the next instalment of his novel. I told Katkov about my acquaintance with the high personage at Countess Mengden's and then at K. K.'s. He was pleasantly surprised; his expression completely changed.

This time I did not upset the tea, for which he treated me to expensive cigars. He saw me down to the hall and thereby surprised the whole office, who were watching us from the other room, for Katkov never comes down with any one. I think on the whole the affair with the *Russky Viestnik* will somehow be arranged. I did not say a single word about the article on Poushkin. Perhaps they 'll forget about it, so that I shall be able to give it to Yuriev, from whom I am certain to get more money. I dream even of finding a moment of time here before the 8th to sit down to the *Karamazovs*, so as to be ready for any emergency, but it is hardly possible.—If my speech at the solemn opening is a success, then in Moscow (and therefore in all Russia) I shall henceforth be more famous as a writer. (I mean, famous in the sense in which Turgenev and Tolstoy have already won greatness. Goncharov, for instance, who never moves out of Petersburg, although he is known here, yet it is only vaguely and *coldly*.)—But how

can I manage to live without you and without the little ones all this time? Is it an easy thing, for twelve whole days? I sit and dream of the children, and am sad all the while. Did Grandma return? How are you there all by yourselves? Are you afraid of anything, are you worried about anything? For the love of God, write me oftener, and if anything should happen (which God forbid) telegraph me instantly. By the way (read this carefully), address all letters direct to me in the future to the Loskutnaya Hotel, on the Tverskoy, Moscow, F. M. Dostoevsky, Room No. 33. Why should I have to go every evening to Elena Pavlovna for your letters? First, it is a long way; secondly, I lose time, so that if I happened to want to do something (the *Karamazovs*), I should have no time at all. Also I must have tired them out. To-day I drove on there from Katkov; I received your letter and found there the Ivanovs. Mashenka played Beethoven very well. Here it is half sun, half showers, and it is fairly windy and fresh. Mashenka is going with Natasha the day after to-morrow to 'Dorovoye,' and Ninochka is remaining here. Ninochka is untamed and taciturn; you can't get anything out of her; it 's as though she were ashamed. All of them live near Elena Pavlovna. Well, good-bye for now. I believe I have written everything I wanted to. If there is some-

thing new to-morrow, I shall write ; if not then the day after to-morrow. As for Leo Tolstoy, Katkov also declared that people say he has gone quite off his head. Yuriev urged me to go to Yasnaya Polyana ; there and back including my visit would take less than two days altogether. But I shall not go, although it would be very interesting. To-day I dined at the Moscow Tavern on purpose to keep down the bill at the Loskutnaya. But I came to the conclusion the Loskutnaya may perhaps after all charge for my having dinner there every day. In the Loskutnaya they are polite to a degree ; not a single letter of yours will go wrong, and as I shall in no case change my hotel now, you may without hesitation send me letters addressed to the Loskutnaya. Good-bye for now, I kiss you 'dear Anna Gregorevna.' Hug the little ones as tightly and warmly as you can, tell them Daddy told you to.—Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

Elena Pavlovna's children are with her and they are charming.

VI

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *May* 28-29, 2 A.M.

My dear Anya, the only news is that a telegram came from Dolgorouky to-day saying the unveiling of the memorial is on the 4th. This is now settled.

So that I can leave Moscow on the 8th or even on the 7th, and of course I 'll try to hurry. But remain here I *must*, and I have decided to remain. The chief point is that I am needed here not only by the ' Lovers of Russian Literature,' but by our whole party, by our whole idea, for which we have been fighting these thirty years. For the hostile party (Turgenev, Kovalevsky, and almost the whole University) is quite determined to belittle Poushkin's significance, as the representative of the Russian nation, and thereby to deny the very nation itself. Against them, on our side, we have only Ivan Sergueyevich Aksakov (Yuriev and the rest have no weight). But Ivan Aksakov has grown rather out of date and Moscow is a bit bored by him. Myself, however, Moscow has not heard or seen, and it is in me alone that the people are interested. My voice will have weight, and thus our side will triumph. All my life I have been fighting for this ; I can't run away from the field of battle now. When even Katkov, who on the whole is not a Slavophil, says to me : ' You must not go away, you can't go away,' then, certainly, stay I must.

This morning, at twelve o'clock, when I was still asleep, Yuriev arrived with that telegram. I began to dress while he was there. Suddenly just at that moment two ladies were announced. I

was not dressed and sent to inquire who they were. The waiter returned with a note, that a Mme. Ilyin wished to ask my permission to select from all my works passages which were suitable for children, and to publish such a book for children. There 's an idea ! We ought to have thought of it ourselves long ago and published such a little book for children. Such a book would certainly sell and perhaps give us a profit of 2000 roubles. Make her a present of 2000 roubles—what impertinence ! Yuriev immediately went down (since it was he himself in his thoughtless way who had directed her to me) to say that I could not possibly agree, and that I couldn't receive her. He went out, and suddenly Varvara Mihailovna arrived, and no sooner had she entered when Viskovatov appeared. Seeing that I had visitors Varvara immediately ran away. Yuriev came back and explained that the other lady visitor was on her own ; she did not give her name, but only said that she had come to express her boundless respect, admiration, gratitude for all that I had given her by my works, etc. She went away ; I did not see her. I asked my visitors to tea, when suddenly in came Grigorovich. They all sat for a couple of hours, and when Yuriev and Viskovatov left, Grigorovich remained without any thought of going. He began telling me various stories of

things that had happened in the last thirty years, recollecting the past, etc. He certainly made up half of it; but it was interesting. Then when it was past four he declared that he was not going to part with me and began begging that we should dine together. We went again to the Moscow Tavern, where we dined at our leisure, and he talked all the while. Suddenly Averkiev and his wife turned up. Averkiev sat down at our table, and Donna Anna declared that she would call on me (much I want to see her!). It turned out that near us were dining Poushkin's relations, his two nephews, Pavlischev and Poushkin, and some one else. Pavlischev also came up and declared that he too would call on me. In a word, here as in Petersburg they won't let me alone. After dinner Grigorovich began asking me to drive with him to the park 'for a breath of fresh air,' but I refused, left him, walked home, and in ten minutes drove to Elena Pavlovna for your letter. But there was no letter, I only met the Ivanovs there. Mashenka is going to-morrow. I sat till eleven and returned home to have tea and write to you. This is all my news.

The worst of it is that letters take three or four days. As I wrote to you that I was coming home, you of course won't write to me, expecting me on the 28th; and now the time it will take before my

letter of yesterday and of to-day about my new decision reaches you! I am afraid you will be wondering what has happened and be uneasy. But it can't be helped. The only bad thing is that I shall perhaps have no letters from you for two days, and I am pining for you. I am sad here in spite of guests and dinners. Ah, Anya, what a pity that you could not have arranged (of course, it was out of the question) to have come with me! They say that even Maikov has changed his mind and will come here. There will be a lot of fuss; I have to present myself at the Town Hall as a delegate (I don't know when yet), in order to receive my admission card for the ceremony. The windows of the houses that surround the square are being let at 50 roubles a window. They are also building wooden stands for the public at an equally enormous price. I am afraid too of its being a rainy day and I may catch a cold. I am not going to speak at the dinner on the opening day. At the meeting of the 'Lovers of Russian Literature,' I believe, I am to speak on the second day. Besides that, instead of a theatrical performance they think of having certain works of Poushkin read by well-known authors (Turgenev, myself, Yuriev), each selecting a passage. [They have asked me to read the scene of the Monk-Chronicler (from *Boris Godounov*), and also the 'Miser's Monologue' (from

the *Poor Knight*).] Besides, Yuriev, Viskovatov and myself will each read a poem on Poushkin's death; Yuriev Guber's, Viskovatov Lermontov's, myself Tyuchev's.

The time passes, and people keep me from doing anything. Up till now I have not called for money at the Central Shop or at the Morosovs. I have not been to Chayev's yet; I must call on Varya; I should also like to make the acquaintance of the church dignitaries, Nicolay Yaponsky and the local vicar Alexey, very interesting men. I don't sleep well, I have nothing but nightmares. I am afraid of catching a cold on the opening day and of coughing while I am reading.

With terrible impatience I keep expecting a note from you. Oh, my God, how are the children, how I long to see them! Are you well, happy, or are you cross? It is difficult without you. Well, good-bye for now. To-morrow I shall not go to Elena Pavlovna's, she herself promised to send me any letter if it comes. I hug you all warmly, I bless the little ones.—Wholly your

F. Dostoevsky.

P.S.—If anything happens, telegraph to the Loskutnaya. Address letters there, too. Do my letters arrive safely? Bad luck if any get lost!

VII

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *May* 30, 1880.

I am writing to you now, although the letter will not go away till to-morrow, my dear Anya. There is almost no news. Only that I am in for a lot of bother and various official ceremonies: I have to present myself at the Town Hall, obtain admission cards, find out where to stand and sit at the ceremony, etc. And above all, those wreaths —they say I must have two. The Town Hall is arranging for them—30 roubles for the two. Stupid! Zolotariov has not come yet, but he is coming, and I 'll put the whole ceremony of the unveiling on to his shoulders: in a frock-coat only and with no hat on I really may catch a cold. Yesterday morning the Averkievs came in to see me; Poushkin's nephews, Pavlischev and Poushkin, called on me also, to make my acquaintance. After that I drove to Yuriev (about all these cards and ceremonies), but did not find him at home. I dined at home, and after dinner in came Viskovatov, who declared his love for me, and asked, why I did not love him? etc. Still he was more possible than I 've known him before. (By the way, he told me that Sabourov (Minister of Education), a relation of his, had read certain passages of the *Karamazovs*

and literally wept for ecstasy. At nine o'clock we drove to Yuriev, but again did not find him. Viskovatov suddenly remembered that Anna Nicolayevna Englehardt was here and suggested we should call on her. We took a cab and arrived at ten o'clock at Dusseau's Hotel. She was already in bed, but was very glad, and we sat for an hour, talking of the beautiful and the sublime. She is not here for the celebration, but to meet some relatives. But now she is not well; she has a swollen leg. This morning when I was asleep Ivan Sergueyevich Aksakov called on me, but told them not to wake me. After this I drove to Polivanov (Director of the Secondary School and the Secretary of the Society). He explained to me all the *steps* I must take at the Mansion House, and about the admission cards, and despatched a young man to help me. He introduced me to his family. A whole company of teachers and pupils gathered round and we went (in the same building) to look at the Poushkin portraits and things which are at present at the school. After that, having come home, I found a note from Grigorovich, inviting me to dine at Tiestov's at six. I wonder whether I shall go. Meanwhile I sat down to write you my bulletin. At 8 o'clock I shall go to Elena Pavlovna for your letter. (Yesterday, the 29th, I received one.) After that, I'll go home and sit down to my speech,

which must be polished up. A horrid existence on the whole; the weather is wonderful. All the people here are in their own homes; I am the only visitor. In the evening I shall write more.

May 30-31, 1 A.M.

At Tiestov's restaurant I found no Grigorovich, so I returned home and dined. After that I drove to Elena Pavlovna; she was not at home, but her children told me there had been no letter from you. By my reckoning perhaps to-morrow there will be a letter from you for certain. Putting two and two together I now understand that from all my previous letters you came to the conclusion that I was coming on the 28th. But you must by now have received the letters in which I hesitated whether to return or not, and therefore there should be an answer now. The trouble was that we somehow failed to make all this clear before I went away. For you could have written in any case, even reckoning that I was coming back, care of Elena Pavlovna, so as not to leave me in the dark about yourself and the children. I also imagine that on the 2nd I shall have a letter from you sent direct to the Loskutnaya. Your letters addressed care of Elena Pavlovna, that is, your previous letters you might have sent without any fear, for even had I gone away, nobody would have opened them, and

she would have sent them back to Roussa. But it would be better to address your letters to the Loskutnaya, so that I don't have to go to Elena Pavlovna's because the great to-do begins immediately (from the 2nd). I shall have to get up early and bustle about all day long; I shall not have the time even to keep on going to Elena Pavlovna. Also I shall stop writing detailed bulletins to you, as I have done till now: I shall have no time at all. On the 3rd the Mansion House receives guests; there will be speeches, frock-coats, silk hats, white ties. And then there is the unveiling dinner at the Town Hall; after which on the mornings of the 5th and 6th there will be meetings, and in the evenings literary readings. Also on the 2nd there will be an evening meeting of the 'Lovers of Literature,' when it will be settled who shall speak and at what time. I believe I shall have to speak on the second day, on the 6th. I have been to Morosov and to the Central Shop. From Morosov I got altogether 14 roubles, and at the Central, although they told me you had written to them to remit me 50 roubles, they ask for a postponement until the 6th or 7th. As on the 7th, moreover, I shall have to make farewell visits, and there is a number of them, I may be able to leave only on the 8th, and shall let you know by which train. But I shall try to leave

on the 8th for certain. I called on Varya. She told me a great deal about her grandchildren and asked my advice. She is a sensible and good woman. In the evening I managed to have just a glance at the MS. How are the little ones? I miss them very much; I don't hear their sweet voices. And I keep on wondering if anything has happened to you all? If anything should happen (which God forbid), wire to me without fail. Good-bye for now, my darling. Ah, if I received only a line from you to-morrow! I embrace you and the children, and kiss you all a great deal. And the *Karamazovs*, oh, the *Karamazovs*! Ah, what a throwing away of precious time! Still I am now absorbed in this affair: they (the Westerners) have a strong party. I embrace you again and again.—Your

F. Dostoevsky.

Yesterday afternoon the gold link in my cuff was broken; the one I had repaired. Half of it remained in the sleeve of my shirt, and the other I must have dropped somewhere in the street.

VIII

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *May* 31, 1880, 1 A.M.

My dear Anya, I thought of not writing to you to-day, for I have almost nothing to write about.

But as I 've at last received your note (of the 29th), and as days are certainly coming when in the bustle I shall not be able to write you anything, or at best a couple of lines, I have decided to write now. I am so very glad that you are all well; I am glad for the little ones and for you; it is as if my anxiety had rolled away from my heart, although I still miss you. It is annoying that Grandma won't wait my arrival.—Aksakov promised me Gogol's autograph,[1] although I wonder if I shall have time to get it now. And besides, I have forgotten and muddled in my head all the directions for the celebrations, so that I shall have to inquire who lives where from Yuriev. A certain mathematician (I forget his name) called on me to-day and sat for a long time in the reading-room of my hotel, waiting for me to get up. When I awoke, he came in, stayed precisely three minutes, and did not even sit down: he called to declare his deep respect, admiration for my talent, his devotion, gratitude; he expressed it all ardently and went away. An oldish man, with a most sympathetic face. After that came Lopatin, the young man whom Polivanov had charged to look after my tickets for the Town Hall, and to give me all necessary information, etc.

[1] Gogol's letter of March 1841, to Aksakov, is among Dostoevsky's personal archives. It was forwarded to Dostoevsky by Aksakov on September 3, 1880.

We entered into a conversation and, to my pleasant surprise, I found him an extraordinarily clever man, very intelligent, extremely decent, and sharing my own convictions to an extreme degree. In a word, a most pleasant meeting. After that came Grigorovich, and lied and gossiped a great deal. They really seem to be preparing themselves to say something spiteful at the sittings and dinners. Grigorovich is also a delegate from the Literary Fund. The other three are: Turgenev, Gayevsky, Krayevsky. Each received 150 roubles from the Fund for their expenses. Only our Slav Society voted nothing, nor could it have done so. Grigorovich complains that 150 roubles is too little. Indeed, money goes so fast here that although I shall have to pay little at the hotel, yet I shall have spent a great deal: cabmen, tobacco, special expenses, buying of wreaths, etc. Apropos, the two *obligatory* wreaths are prepared by the Town Hall at 30 roubles for the two from each delegate. If Zolotariov does not come, then I shall certainly have to pay. I must also buy cuff-links. I dined at the Moscow Tavern. Then I went to Elena Pavlovna and got your note. Her Manya is a most lovely girl of twenty, and I noticed there a young doctor as their guest, who was very intrigued by her. After that together with Viskovatov we went to Anna Englehardt, who is still

sitting at home with her bad leg, and there we met her doctor, who says that the illness is pretty serious if it be even slightly neglected. Then we walked home with Viskovatov. In the morning there were two thunderstorms and a downpour, and now the night is wonderful. These are all my adventures for the time being. How am I going to read my speech? Aksakov said that his was the same as mine. It is sad if we coincide so literally in our ideas.—How shall I read at the evening literary recitals the scene of *Pimen* and the *Poor Knight*, and also (most important) Tyuchev on Poushkin's death? It is interesting to try and imagine my meeting with Annenkov. Will he indeed hold out his hand? I should not like quarrels. Well, good-bye for now, darling Anya. Kiss the little ones warmly, remind them of me. Remember me to Anna Nicolayevna. How is she, has she had a good journey? Mine was not. I ought to call on Katkov. Farewell, I embrace you closely.—Wholly your

F. Dostoevsky.

I bless the little ones.

P.S.—[*The first word is struck out*] near Auntie playing cards with her, how can he think of coming here.

IX

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *June* 2-3, 1880,
2 A.M.

My dearest lovely friend Anyechka, yesterday evening I went off to Elena Pavlovna for your letter but received none; and to-day your two letters arrived at the Loskutnaya, one at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the other in the evening. In a word, letters addressed to the Loskutnaya apparently reach here quicker than if sent to Elena Pavlovna. Kiss the children hard for their lovely messages at the end and buy them some sweets, without fail. Do you hear, Anya?—Even doctors prescribe sweets for children.—As to your remark that I do not love you much, I say it is *sillyssimo*. I think only of you and the children. And I see you in my dreams.—There has been a hubbub again here. Yesterday the Celebration was again suddenly postponed, but now it is definitely stated that the opening will be on the 6th. The wreaths are prepared by the Town Hall at 8 roubles each. I need two, which I shall order to-morrow. Zolotariov has not come yet. The train from Petersburg with various delegates for the Celebration is arriving here only the day after to-morrow.

Now to proceed: two days ago in the evening there was a consultation at Turgenev's of nearly all participants in the Celebration (I was excluded), as to what precisely should be read, how the Celebration should be arranged, etc. I was told they met at Turgenev's as though by chance. Grigorovich told me this as if to comfort me. Certainly, I myself would not have gone to Turgenev without a formal invitation from him; but the noodle Yuriev whom I haven't seen for four days now, blabbed to me four days ago that there was going to be a gathering at Turgenev's. Viskovatov thereupon told me that already three days ago he had received an invitation. Thus I was simply passed over. (Of course it is not Yuriev, it is the doing of Turgenev and Kovalevsky; Yuriev has only remained out of sight, and probably that is why he does not show himself.) And then yesterday morning, I was no sooner awake than enter Grigorovich and Viskovatov to *inform* me that the full programme of the Celebration and of the evening readings had been fixed at Turgenev's. According to them there is to be music and a recital of the *Poor Knight* by the actor Samarin; the reading of the *Poor Knight* has been taken away from me, also the reading of the poem on the death of Poushkin (and it was just the poem I wanted to read). Instead of this I have been appointed to

read Poushkin's poem *The Prophet*. I shall probably not refuse to read *The Prophet*, but why have I not been officially informed? Then Grigorovich declared that I was requested to come to-morrow to the Hall of the Noblemen's Assembly (close to here), where everything will be finally arranged. (It means then my opinion was not asked, and now I am told to come to the Noblemen's Assembly to a general rehearsal, with the public present, and above all with the pupils of the secondary schools (free admission), as the rehearsal is arranged for them so that they too may hear. Thus I am placed in a most awkward position: they have settled things without me, never asked my consent beforehand to read the poems *allotted* to me, and yet I can't help being at the rehearsal and reading to the young. It will be said: Dostoevsky did not want to read to the young. Finally, I am at a loss how to appear to-morrow: whether in a frock-coat like the public, or in full dress. I was in a very bad way yesterday. I dined alone; in the evening I called on Anna Nicolayevna (Englehardt); her doctor was there (he is her friend, related to her even). I sat for half an hour, and they both walked back with me to my hotel. This morning Grigorovich and Viskovatov called again, and Grigorovich was very pressing that we three should dine together at the Hermitage, and then spend the even-

ing in the Hermitage park. They went away, and I drove to Katkov, whom I had not called on for three days. There I chanced on Lubimov, who had just had a letter from Markevich promising to send in his novel for the June number! So that I may be easy on that score. It is a very good thing. At Katkov's there was news: he had only just received an official letter from Yuriev, as Chairman of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature' (of which Society Katkov has been a member from times immemorial). Yuriev informed him that the invitation card for the celebrations had been sent to the *Moscowskya Viedomosti* by mistake, and that the Council of the Society for the arrangement of the celebrations had revoked the invitation, as contrary to the resolution of the Council, so that the invitation must be considered as not having been issued. The style of the letter was most dry and rude. Grigorovich assured me that Yuriev had been made to sign it, chiefly by Kovalevsky, but of course also by Turgenev. Katkov was evidently irritated. 'Even without this I would not have gone,' he said to me, as he showed me the letter. He wants to publish it as it stands in the *Viedomosti*. This is certainly quite odious, and the important thing is they had no right at all to act like that. It is abominable, and had I not been so much involved in the Celebra-

tion, I would perhaps break off my connection with them.—I will speak sharply to Yuriev about the whole affair. Then I asked Katkov who was the best dentist here, and he mentioned Adelheim at the Kuzvetsky Most, saying that I should tell Adelheim that he, Katkov, had sent me to him. My little plate has broken down *completely* and hangs on a thread. I drove up to Adelheim and he put in a new one for five roubles. From him I went home, and together with Grigorovich and Viskovatov drove to the Hermitage, where we dined for a rouble each. Then the rain began. When it stopped for a little, we went out and the three of us got into a single cab and drove to the Hermitage park. On our way there it began raining. We arrived at the park soaked through and asked for tea in the restaurant. We bought one-rouble tickets with admission to the Hermitage Theatre. The rain kept on. Grigorovich told all sorts of fibs, then we went into the theatre, to the second act: the opera *Paul et Virginie* was on,—theatre, orchestra, singers,—none of them bad, only the music is bad (in Paris it was performed several hundreds of times). Charming scenery for Act III. Without waiting for the end, we came out and each went home. At the Loskutnaya I found your second letter. To-morrow's rehearsal agitates me extremely. Grigorovich has promised

to call for me, so that we can go there together. I got rather wet. On my journey here I caught a chill in my left arm, and it still rather aches. Yesterday morning I called on the bishops Alexey and on Nicolay (Yaponsky). I was very pleased to make their acquaintance. I sat there for about an hour; a countess was announced, and I left. I had a heart-to-heart talk with both. They said that my visit had done them great honour and given them happiness. They had read my works. So they appreciate who stands for God. Alexey blessed me ardently. He gave me the Host. Good-bye for now, my darling. If I can, I shall write you to-morrow, too. I love you very much. A good kiss for the little ones. To Anna Nicolayevna my lowest bow, and kiss her little hand besides for me.—Wholly without division your

F. Dostoevsky.

(*Postscript on the first page*): But you are mistaken. My dreams are very bad ones. Listen: you keep on writing about the application to the nobility. Firstly, even if I could, I have no time, above all, this matter must be done from Petersburg, *through people*. I shall explain it all to you when we meet. I 'll do it without fail in Petersburg. Here no applications will serve any purpose: I know it, I am firmly convinced.

(*Postscript on the second page*): I called on Ivan Aksakov—he is away in his country house.—Chayev is also in the country. I shall go to Muraviov if I find time. Once more wholly yours, loving you.

X

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *June* 3-4, *Tuesday*, 2 A.M.

My lovely darling Anyechka, to-day I again received a dear little letter from you, and am very grateful to you that you do not forget your Fedichka. Since your letters began coming frequently I really do feel more peaceful and happier about you. I am also glad because of the children. This morning Lopatin came to me and brought the programme of the dates and ceremonies. I gave him 17 roubles to order the wreaths at the Town Hall (two wreaths). Zolotariov is not here yet. After this came a certain barrister Soloviov and introduced himself. He is a learned man, and came only to speak about mystical religious problems (a new craze.) After that came Grigorovich and Viskovatov, and then Yuriev. We all attacked Yuriev terribly for his letter to Katkov and scolded him awfully. Then I lunched with Grigorovich and Viskovatov in the Moscow Tavern and there made the acquaintance of the actor Samarin; the old fellow is sixty-four; he was all the while making speeches to me. He

will act at the Poushkin Celebration the *Poor Knight*, in costume. (He took it away from me.) The Moscow Tavern is always very crowded, and it is seldom that people do not turn round and look at me: every one knows, every one knows who I am. Samarin told many stories about the artistic life of Moscow. Then, straight from lunch, we drove to the general meeting of the committee of the 'Lovers of Literature' for the settling of the final programme of the morning sittings and the evening festivities. Turgenev, Kovalevsky, Chayev, Grot, Bartenev, Yuriev, Polivanov, Kalachov, and others were there. Everything has been settled to our common satisfaction. Turgenev was rather nice to me, and Kovalevsky (a large fat carcass and enemy of our way of thinking) gazed at me fixedly all the time. I am to read on the second day of the morning sessions, June 8th, and at the evening festivity of the 6th I am to read (music has been allowed) the *Pimen* scene (from Poushkin's *Boris Godounov*.) Many are to read, nearly all. Turgenev, Grigorovich, Pisemsky, and others. On the second evening, the 8th, I shall recite three poems by Poushkin (the second part of the *Western Slavs*, and the *She-Bear*), and in the *finale*, at the conclusion of the festivity, I shall read Poushkin's *Prophet*,—a little poem awfully difficult to read aloud; they have purposely

put me in the *finale* in order to produce an effect—I wonder if I shall? Sharp at ten I returned home and found two cards from Souvorin saying that he will come at 10. The two cards were a mistake (they had stuck together), and as I thought from the second that he had already called and found me out, I drove to his hotel, the Slavianky Bazaar (not far from here), and I found him and his wife at tea. He was awfully pleased. The 'Lovers of Literature' have put him on the black list for his articles just as they have Katkov. He was not even given an admission card for the morning sessions. I had one card (Varya's), which she had refused, and I offered it to him. He was delighted. He will pay them off later. He said that Burenin too was here.—At Chayev's we made an appointment for to-morrow at the Armoury at one o'clock in the afternoon, where he will show us everything. Grigorovich and Viskovatov also wished to come. But I wonder if they will. They went away after nine straight from the session to the Hermitage and insisted tremendously that I should come, too, but I went to Souvorin. When Souvorin heard that we were going to-morrow to the Armoury Chamber he asked me to take him and his wife there, and afterwards suggested that we should all dine together at the Moscow Tavern, he and his wife, myself, Grigorovich and Viskovatov, and

then drive to the Hermitage. He, poor thing, seems to be tied to his wife. He will certainly be at the evening sessions, where one pays for admission. The rehearsal of the reading for the pupils of the schools has been abandoned. After to-morrow, the 5th, the trials begin; all delegates are to appear at the Town Hall in frock-coats, and I am afraid I shall not have time to write to you. To-morrow a trainful of Petersburg delegates arrive at our Loskutnaya. On the 8th all will be over; so on the 9th I 'll pay my visits, and on the 10th I leave—at what hour I will write later. Maikov telegraphed that he was coming. Polonsky too. Now, that is all, my precious, so expect me on the 11th, and this I believe is for certain. Souvorin is asking for my speech. I positively do not know who to give it to or how to arrange it. Wait till he hears me at the reading.

I warmly embrace you, my Anka. I kiss you a great many times for much—much and much. I kiss the little ones and bless them. You write that you have dreams, and that I do not love you. And I keep on having very bad dreams, nightmares every night about your being unfaithful to me with others. God knows it torments me terribly. I kiss you a thousand times.—Wholly your

F. Dostoevsky.

Kiss the children.

XI

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *June* 5, 1880, 8 P.M.

My lovely Anyutka, I have just received your lovely little letter of June 3rd and hasten to write to you quickly as much as I shall have time for. No, my darling, don't ask now for long letters, for there will hardly be time just to write you letters at all. Literally, the whole time, every *minute*, will now be occupied, and even that won't be enough for what is taking place here,—that 's certain, let alone for letters. To begin at the beginning. Yesterday morning myself, Souvorin, his wife, Burenin and Grigorovich were in the Kremlin, in the Armoury, where we examined all the ancient things; Chayev, the inspector of the Armoury, showed them to us. After that we went to the Patriarch's sacristy. Having looked at everything, we went to Tiestov's for a snack and remained to lunch. After that I called for a short while on Anna Nicolayevna Englehardt and had to buy a few things in the shops. Then, as agreed, we went to the Hermitage Park. The Souvorins, Grigorovich, and the rest were already there. In the park I met nearly all the delegates who have recently arrived from Petersburg. All kinds of persons came up to me; I can't remember them all.

Gayevsky, Lentovsky, the singer Melnikov and others. I sat all the time at tea with the Souvorins and Burenin, and now and then with Grigorovich, who kept on coming and going away. And suddenly a rumour spread that the Celebration had been postponed. The rumour was spread by Melnikov. It was 11 o'clock, and I drove off to Yuriev. He was not at home, but I found his son and he assured me that it was nonsense. (And so it turned out to be.) Having come home I began to prepare myself for my reading on the evening of the 6th. It is, Anya, a stiff job. Imagine, the unveiling of the memorial will be on the 6th, and from 8 in the morning I shall be on my feet. At 2 o'clock the ceremony will be over, and the Solemn Service at the University begins. (No, upon my word, I shan't go on.) After that dinner at the Mansion House, and *the very same day*, at 9 o'clock in the evening, tired, exhausted, crammed with food and drink, I have to read the monologue of the Chronicler (from *Boris Godounov*) —a most difficult thing to read aloud, requiring calmness and control of the subject. I feel I am not yet ready. Moreover, the evening almost starts with me—the most inconvenient position. I sat till 4 o'clock in the morning, and unexpectedly this morning after 9 o'clock I was awakened by Zolotariov who has at last arrived. I slept alto-

gether 5½ hours. After him came Fiodor Petrovich Kornilov, after them Lopatin with the wreaths (the wreaths cost 14, not 17 roubles, but without ribbons). The ribbons, as well as to-morrow's to-do, I handed over to Zolotariov. So I shall have to pay the 14 roubles for the wreaths myself. True, Zolotariov will have to pay just as much for the rest of the accessories. At 2 o'clock we set off to the Mansion House. All delegations (there are a hundred delegations) presented themselves to Prince Oldenburgsky, etc. The ceremonial, the fuss, the chaos—I don't describe; it is too impossible to describe. I saw and spoke even with Poushkin's daughter. Ostrovsky, the local Jupiter, came up to me. Turgenev, very amiable, ran up. The other liberal groups, amongst them Plescheyev and even the lame Yazykov, bear themselves with reserve and almost haughtily, as if to say: You are a reactionary, but we are radicals. And, generally, complete dissension has already begun. I am afraid that all these different tendencies existing side by side for so many days may end in a fight. The history of Katkov's exclusion from the Celebration revolts many people terribly. I came home and dined at home in the hope of receiving a little letter from you and answering you, then to go through *Pimen* and my speech, afterwards to prepare my shirt and frock-coat for

to-morrow, and then go to bed earlier. But Gaydebourov came in, and suddenly after him Maikov, and then Viskovatov. Maikov came (to Moscow) to read his poems. He is all right, nice; having a sniff round. I talked to them for a while, but sent them off soon. I am finishing these lines. Zolotariov does not come, and the wreaths are not finished. This morning I was at Varya's. To-morrow all day long until night I shall be busy. After to-morrow there will be the session of the 'Lovers of Literature,' but I am not reading at that session, and after that there will be a dinner for 500 guests with speeches, and perhaps a free fight. Then on the morning of the 8th there is my speech at the session of the 'Lovers of Literature,' and in the evening, at the second festivity of the 'Lovers' I among others am reading several poems of Poushkin, and finishing with *The Prophet*. You write that I ought to leave on the 8th, but it is only on the 9th that I shall be paying my visits. I 'll leave on the 10th and arrive on the 11th, and this only if I am not detained for one more day, which is quite possible. But I 'll let you know then. It is much better for me to leave by the 1 P.M. train, than by the morning train, for in the first case I shall miss only one night's sleep, but in the second I shan't sleep two nights, for the night before leaving I shan't sleep or I 'll get up at 6.

Letters about my own triumphs I shan't have to write, since my day is on the 8th, and on the 6th I am only reading *Pimen*. Think it over, the speech will have to be published. Although there are three claimants, Yuriev is again drawing back, and Katkov after his affair might perhaps become completely indifferent to the whole business of the ceremony, and Souvorin, for all I know, may not repeat his request. Then it would be bad. Therefore it is quite possible that I may be back one day late. Recently I received 18 roubles 75 kopecks from Alexandrov. I called on Varya and I seem to have said my good-byes. She is going to her daughter in the country.—Good-bye for now, my darling. There are of course a thousand things one can't manage to write in a letter; what can one say in a letter? But now there is no time, no time at all to write letters! Even this minute I am all exhausted and worn out. And I have to sit up for a long time. And when shall I have my sleep out? I embrace you warmly—warmly, the little ones I kiss terrifically and bless them.—Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

I don't want to write of love, for love is not in words, but in deeds. And when shall I get to deeds? They are long overdue.

All the same I 'll try to find time to write you, if it 's only a few lines.

XII

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *June* 7, 1880,
Midnight.

My lovely dearest darling Anya, I write in a hurry. The unveiling of the memorial took place yesterday, how then can I describe it? Even twenty pages would not describe it, and I haven't a minute. This is the third night. I have slept for only five hours,—to-night will be the same. Then there was the dinner with speeches.[1] Then the reading with music at the evening literary festivity at the Noblemen's Assembly. I read the scene of *Pimen*. In spite of the impossible choice (for surely one cannot shout *Pimen* across a whole hall) and the fact that I had to read in the worst sounding hall, they say that it went off superbly, but that I was not very audible. I was received excellently; they would not let me begin for a long time; they kept applauding; and after the reading they called me out three times. But Turgenev, who read

[1] On June 6th, the Moscow City Society gave a luncheon in the Hall of the Nobility to the delegations which had arrived for the unveiling of the Poushkin memorial. On the evening of the same day the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature' gave a literary and musical soirée, at which Turgenev read Poushkin's poem *The Cloud*.

On June 7th, the inaugural session of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature' took place, after which a subscription dinner, organised by the Society, was held.

shockingly, was called out more often than I. Behind the scenes (a huge place in darkness) I noticed about a hundred young people, who began a frenzied shouting each time Turgenev appeared. It immediately occurred to me that they must be a *claque* put there by Kovalevsky. And so it turned out. To-day at the morning sitting because of that *claque* Ivan Aksakov refused to make his speech after Turgenev (in which the latter underrated Poushkin, taking away from him the name of national poet), and he explained to me that the *claqueurs* were arranged beforehand and placed there by Kovalevsky (all of them are his students and all Westerners), in order to proclaim Turgenev as the head of their school of thought, and to humiliate us, in case we go against them. Nevertheless, the reception given to me yesterday was most wonderful, although only the public in the chairs applauded. Besides, crowds of men and women kept on coming to me behind the scenes to press my hand. In the interval I crossed the hall, and a multitude of people, youths, greybeards, women, threw themselves at me, saying : ' You are our prophet, we are better men after reading the *Karamazovs*.' (In a word, I became convinced that the *Karamazovs* have a colossal significance.) To-day, coming out from the morning session, at which I did not speak, the same thing happened. On the

staircase and at the cloak-room, men, women, and all sorts of people detained me. At the dinner in the evening two ladies brought me flowers. Some of them I recognised by their names—Mme. Tretiakov, Mme. Golokhvastov, Mme. Moshnin, and others. I 'll pay a visit to Mme. Tretiakov the day after to-morrow. (She is the wife of the Tretiakov who has a picture gallery.) To-day was the second dinner — the literary one, a couple of hundred people. The young generation met me at my arrival, hailed me, paid court to me, made frenzied speeches—and all this still before the dinner. At dinner many speeches were made and toasts given. I did not want to speak, but towards the end of the dinner many people jumped up from the table and forced me to speak. I said only a few words,—and there was a roar of enthusiasm, literally a roar. After that in the next hall they sat round me—a dense crowd—and spoke much and ardently (at the coffee and cigars). But when at half-past nine I got up to go home (two-thirds of the guests were still there), they shouted out 'Hurrah!' to me, in which even those who did not sympathise had to take part involuntarily. After that, all that crowd poured with me down the stairs, and without overcoats, with *no hats on*, came out into the street and put me into my cab. And suddenly they threw themselves on me to kiss my hands. Not one, but

scores of people, and not students only, but grey-beards. No, Turgenev has only *claqueurs*, but my people have true enthusiasm. Maikov was there and witnessed all this; he must have been surprised. Several people (strangers to me) said in a whisper that for to-morrow, at the morning sitting, a real row was prepared for me and Aksakov. To-morrow, the 8th, is my really fateful day: in the morning I read my speech, and in the evening I read twice, *The She-Bear* and *The Prophet*. *The Prophet* I intend to read well. Wish for me! There is great commotion and excitement here. Yesterday at the Town Hall lunch Katkov ventured to make a long speech and did produce an effect, at least on a part of the public. Kovalevsky is outwardly very amiable to me, and in one toast he mentioned my name among others. Turgenev too. Annenkov tried to make up to me, but I turned away. You see, Anya, I have written to you, although my speech is not yet finally revised. On the 9th I am paying visits, and I must make up my mind definitely who I shall give my speech to. Everything depends on the effect it will make. I have stayed here a long time, spent a fair amount of money, but in all this I have laid a foundation for the future. I must now correct my speech, and get my linen ready for to-morrow.—To-morrow is my important début. Am afraid I shall not have

enough sleep. I am afraid of having a fit.—The Central Shop will not pay in spite of everything. Good-bye for now, my darling. I embrace you, do kiss the little ones. I 'll probably leave on the 10th, and shall arrive on the night of the 11th. Be ready. I embrace you all warmly and bless you.—Your eternal and invariable

F. Dostoevsky.

This letter will probably be the last.

XIII

Loskutnaya, Room 33,
Moscow, *June* 8, 1880, 8 P.M.

My dear Anya, to-day I sent you yesterday's letter of the 7th, but now I can't help sending you also these few lines, although I am awfully tired out morally and physically. So perhaps you will receive this letter together with the preceding one. This morning was the reading of my speech at the 'Lovers.'[1] The hall was packed. No, Anya, no, you can never present to yourself nor imagine the effect it produced! What are my Petersburg

[1] At the second special session on June 8th of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature.' Dostoevsky's speech appeared neither in the *Russkaya Mysl*, nor in the *Russky Viestnik* (with whose editors, Yuriev and Katkov, Dostoevsky, as we have seen, had been negotiating), but in the daily *Moscowskya Viedomosti*, No. 162, 1880. It was republished in the sole number of *The Journal of an Author* for 1880.

successes? Nothing, nothing at all, compared to this! When I *came* out, the hall thundered applause, and for a long, very long time, they would not let me speak. I bowed, made gestures, asking them to let me read—nothing was of any avail: raptures, enthusiasm (all because of the *Karamazovs*). At last I began reading: I was interrupted positively at each page, and at moments at each phrase, by a thunder of applause. I read loudly, with fire. All that I wrote about Tatyana was received with enthusiasm. (This is a great victory for *our* idea over the twenty-five years of delusions!) When at the end I proclaimed the *universal union* of people, the hall was as though in hysterics, and when I finished,—I cannot tell you about the roar, about the wail of ecstasy: strangers among the public cried, wept, embraced one another, *and swore to one another to be better, not to hate one another from henceforth, but to love.* The order of the session was upset; all rushed to me to the platform—grand ladies, students, Secretaries of State, students—all embraced, kissed me. All the members of our Society who were on the platform embraced me and kissed me, and all, literally all, cried for ecstasy. The calls for me lasted half an hour; they waved their handkerchiefs; suddenly, for instance, two old men, strangers to me, stopped me: 'We have been

enemies for twenty years, we have not spoken to one another, and now we have embraced and made peace. It is you who have reconciled us. You are our saint, you are our prophet!' 'Prophet, prophet!' the crowd shouted. Turgenev, about whom I had put in a good word in my speech, threw himself at me to embrace me with tears. Annenkov ran up to press my hand and kiss my shoulder. 'You are a genius, you are more than a genius!' they both said to me. Ivan Aksakov ran up to the platform and declared to the public that my speech—*is not a mere speech, but a political event!* A cloud had been hiding the horizon, and now Dostoevsky's words, like the sun, have driven it away, have shed their light upon all. From this moment begins true brotherhood, and there will be no more misunderstanding. 'Yes, yes!' they all cried, and embraced again, and wept again. The sitting was closed. I tried to escape behind the scenes, but everybody forced their way in there from the hall, mostly women. They kissed my hands, would not let me be. The students rushed in. One of them, in tears, fell down before me on the floor in hysterics and lost consciousness. Complete, completest victory! Yuriev rang his bell and announced that the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature' unanimously elected me *honorary* member. Again wailing and shouting. After an

interval almost of an hour the session was resumed. All the other speakers had a mind not to read. Aksakov got up and declared that he would not read his speech since all had been said and all had been solved by the great word of our genius—Dostoevsky. However, we all made him speak. The reading went on, and meanwhile a conspiracy was arranged. I was worn out and wanted to go home, but they forced me to stay. In that one hour they managed to get a sumptuous laurel crown, a yard and a half across, and at the end of the sitting a number of ladies (over a hundred) stormed the platform and crowned me in sight of the whole hall with the wreath: 'From women of Russia, of whom you spoke so much good!' All cried; enthusiasm again. Tretyakov, the Lord Mayor, thanked me on behalf of the City of Moscow. —Admit, Anya, that for this it was worth staying on: this is a pledge for the future, a pledge for *everything*, should I even die.—When I came home, I received your letter about the new-born foal, but you write so unfeelingly about my staying on. In an hour's time I 'll go off to read at the second literary festivity. I shall read *The Prophet*. To-morrow—visits. After to-morrow, on the 10th I am leaving. On the 11th I shall be at home, unless anything *very important* detains me. The speech must be placed, but to whom shall I give

it? They are all tearing it between them. Terrible! Good-bye for now, my dear, desirable and precious one. I kiss your little feet. I embrace the children, I kiss them,—bless them. I kiss the foal. I bless you all. My head is queer, my hands and feet shake. Good-bye for now, for a little while.—
Yours all and wholly F. Dostoevsky.

DOSTOEVSKY AND POBIEDONOSZEV: SOME LETTERS

DOSTOEVSKY AND POBIEDONOSZEV

Dostoevsky's acquaintance with Pobiedonoszev, during the last ten years of his life (1871-1881), is an episode of great interest in the social history of that time, and of importance in the history of Dostoevsky's life as man and author. Up till now no light has been thrown upon it.

Dostoevsky met Pobiedonoszev in the winter of 1871-1872 at the house of Prince Meschersky, the editor of the reactionary paper *Grazhdanin*. The acquaintance continued and developed, and in the year 1873 (when Dostoevsky was editor of the *Grazhdanin*) it ripened into friendship. Of the first moment of their friendship, Dostoevsky wrote to his wife (on June 26, 1873): 'Pobiedonoszev came yesterday to the office of the *Grazhdanin*. He waited for me, but I was out; so he left a note asking me to call on him after 8 o'clock. I called last night and sat with him till about midnight. He talked all the time, told me a great deal, and pressed me to go and see him again to-day. He said that I was to let him know if I did not feel well enough, and he would come to me instead. He wrapped me up in a rug, and although the maid ran to the hall to let me out, he himself saw me down three dark flights of stairs, with a candle in his hands, to the porch. What would Vladislavlev say if he had seen it? He read *Crime and Punishment* when he was in the Isle of Wight, for the first time in his life. It was recommended to

him by a certain person, an admirer of mine already too well known to you [probably the Tsarevitch], whom he escorted to England. Consequently things aren't so very bad. But please don't talk about it.'

The description of the meeting and of the unexpectedly cordial and attentive reception from the omnipotent Pobiedonoszev shows that Dostoevsky was at his house for the first time, and was affected by Pobiedonoszev's attitude to him. From the first Pobiedonoszev had a warm regard for him. In a letter to Aksakov on January 30, 1881, Pobiedonoszev wrote: 'The time when he edited the *Grazhdanin* brought us close together. At that time, in sympathy for his desperate position, I worked with him the whole summer, and we became very friendly.' Their friendship grew, and they used to meet regularly on Saturday evenings.

I

STARAYA ROUSSA, *May* 19, 1879.

Dear and much respected Konstantin Petrovich, although to-day is only the 19th of May, my letter will not reach you earlier than the 21st, and therefore I hasten to congratulate you on your birthday. I remember, by the way, that exactly a year ago I came to you this very day in the morning, and it seems to me that it was only a fortnight or three weeks ago, or at most a month—so impossibly quickly time passes! I have now been here a month alone with my family and have seen hardly any one. The weather has been fine on the whole, the bird-berry tree and apple tree shed their blossom long ago here, and the lilac is in full bloom. I have sat and worked, but have not done much; I sent off, however, half the *book* (2½ folios) [part of *The Brothers Karamazov*] for the May number of the *Russky Viestnik*, but I am sitting waiting for the proofs, and I do not know what is going to happen. The point is that this book of the novel is the culminating one. It is entitled 'Pro and Contra,' and the theme of the book is: denial of God and the

refutation of this denial. The denial now is finished and sent off, but the refutation will only come in the June number. The denial I described just as I felt it myself and realised it strongest, that is, just as it is now taking place in our Russia in nearly the *whole* upper stratum of society, and above all with the young generation. I mean, the scientific and philosophical refutation of the existence of God has been given up, it no longer occupies at all *socialists* of to-day (as it occupied them throughout the whole of the last century and the first half of the present one); instead, men are *denying* with all their might and main the divine creation, the world of God and *its meaning*. These are the only things which modern civilisation finds utter nonsense. I flatter myself with the hope that even in such an abstract theme I have not betrayed realism. The refutation of this (not a direct, not a face to face refutation) will appear in the last word of the dying old monk.—Many critics have reproached me because I generally choose for my novels themes that are not right, are not real, and so on. I, on the contrary, know nothing more real than just these themes. . . .

I sent it off all right, and yet I have a presentiment that *for some reason* they may suddenly decide not to publish it in the *Russky Viestnik*. But enough of that. One goes on talking of one's worries. I

read the newspapers here and understand nothing. They simply write of nothing. Only yesterday I read in the *Novoye Vremya* about the order of the Minister of Education that teachers should refute socialism in class (and therefore should enter into discussions with the pupils ?). The idea is so dangerous that it passes understanding.

When I arrived here the talk was about the officer Dubrovin of the local Vilmanstrand regiment (who was hanged). They say he pretended madness up to the very rope, although it might not have been pretence, for he was incontestably mad without it. But when one begins to judge from an example before one's eyes, one is for the hundredth time struck with two facts which with us in Russia are unchangeable. Thus : consider only the regiment in which Dubrovin was, and, on the other hand, himself. One sees such a difference between them that they appear as beings from different planets ; and yet Dubrovin lived and acted in the firm belief that every one, the whole regiment, would suddenly become like himself, and would be occupied only by that which concerned him. On the other hand, we say immediately : they are mad. Yet those madmen have their logic, their doctrine, their *esse*, their God even, and they are planted in them as firm as firm can be. This is left out of consideration. Nonsense, people

say. It is not like anything they know, therefore it is nonsense. It is *culture* we have not got, dear Konstantin Petrovich (the culture which exists everywhere else), and it is not there because of the nihilist, Peter the Great. It was torn out by the root. And since man does not live by bread alone, our poor, uncultured man involuntarily invents something most fantastical, most absurd, and most unlike anything. (For although he has taken absolutely everything from European socialism, yet even this he has remade so that it is unlike anything.)

Now I 've written four pages, and see, dear Konstantin Petrovich, I 've written you exactly what I did not want to write ! But there 's nothing to be done. I press your hand closely and send you my sincere wish for all that is best, and for long, long life. I am pleased now that you will receive these words of mine and that you will read them.

If you write me even a single line, you will greatly support my spirit. In the winter too I came to you to heal my spirit.

May God send you peace of mind—I know not what to wish a man more than this in these days of ours.

My deep bow to your much respected wife.—Your absolutely devoted servant, F. Dostoevsky.

II

Bad-Ems, *August* 9-21, 1879.

Much respected Konstantin Petrovich, I have not replied up till now to your superb letter addressed to me to Staraya Roussa, for I thought to see you personally, if only for one minute, on my way to Ems ; I went to your house (by the Finnish church) but did not find you, though the porter told me that you came there frequently. I was very sorry, for from you I always hear a living and strengthening word, and it was just support I needed. I went to Ems perfectly ill. My angina pectoris got so much worse in Staraya Roussa because of the bad weather during the whole summer, that I was ill not only in body, but also in spirit. Added to this, my hard work on the *Karamazovs*, and, finally, the painful effect of contemplating what is going on, and the ' Mad House ' of the Russian Press and intellectuals.

I have been here now three weeks taking the cure, and I wonder what will come of it ; for, at the present exchange, my journey cost me 700 roubles, which (it may turn out) might very, very well have been saved for the family. I lie here and continuously think that I will, clearly, die soon—well, in a year or two—and what is going to happen

to the three little golden heads after me? It 's true, here I am generally in the most gloomy mood. A narrow defile, rather picturesque as a landscape, but which I have been visiting for four summers now, and in which I hate each stone, for it is difficult even to imagine how much home-sickness I have suffered here during my four visits. The present visit is the most awful: a crowd of many thousands of all sorts of riff-raff from all Europe (Russians there are few, and those only the utterly unfamiliar ones from the Russian borders) crammed into a narrow space; no one to exchange a single word with, and above all—it is all strange, all completely strange—this is unbearable. And I have to go on like this up to our September, *i.e.* five whole weeks. And mark you: literally half of them are Jews. When in Berlin, on my way, I observed to Pouzykovich that, in my view, Germany, Berlin at any rate, was becoming Judaised. And here I read in the *Moscowskya Viedomosti* an extract from a pamphlet, which has just appeared in Germany, *Where is the Jew here?* It is an answer by a Jew to a German who dared to write that Germany was becoming Judaised in all respects. 'There is no Jew,' the pamphlet says, and there is a German everywhere; but if there is no Jew, there is everywhere a Jewish influence, for, it alleges, the Jewish spirit and nationality are

higher than the German, and they have indeed inculcated in Germany *the spirit of speculative realism*, etc. etc. Thus, my view turned out to be right; the Germans and Jews themselves testify to it. But apart from the speculative realism which is rushing upon us also, you can't believe the dishonesty of everything here, in commerce at any rate. The present-day German trader not only deceives the foreigner (this would yet be pardonable), but he literally *robs* him. When I complained of it here, I was told, with a laugh, that the Germans also were treated in the same way. Well, never mind! When I came here I instantly sat down to my work again and, at last, the day before yesterday I sent off to Moscow the August quota (of the *Karamazovs*). It will appear on August 31. It is the sixth book of the novel and is called *A Russian Monk*. (N.B.—Biographical data of the life of old Zosima and a few of his precepts.) I expect abuse from the critics; although I myself know that I have not accomplished even a tenth part of what I wanted to do, yet pay attention to this fragment, much respected and dear Konstantin Petrovich, for I should very much like to know your opinion. I wrote this book for *a few*, and consider it the culminating point of my work. Apropos, this year I shall not finish the novel: the third and last part will remain for

next year.—And now I am sitting down again to work here.

In Berlin I met Pouzykovich. He will probably be helped by some one; he gave me his word that in three days' time he would bring out the promised number of the *Grazhdanin* in Berlin, but he has not brought it out yet. I don't think he 'll bring it out at all. I have observed one trait in him: he is a lazybones and incapable of work. You know, up till recently I took an interest in him, but now he has driven me into despair. And he constantly throws the blame on others. But now I have written a whole letter, and all about myself. Do forgive me, much respected and dear Konstantin Petrovich. Your prisoners (Saghalien and all you wrote me about them) tortured my whole soul; it is too intimate to me, in spite of the twenty-five years' distance. But about this in a personal talk. And now till the desired, happy meeting.—Wholly your and ever devoted to you, F. Dostoevsky.

III

Bad-Ems, *August* 24, 1879.

Much respected and worthiest Konstantin Petrovich, I received your two letters here and am deeply grateful to you for them, particularly for the first one in which you speak of my spiritual

state. You are perfectly, deeply right, and your thoughts have only strengthened me. But I am sick in soul, and diffident. Sitting here, in sad and utter solitariness, I have become depressed against my will. However, I 'll ask you this : can one remain quiet in our time ? See, you yourself point out in your second letter (and what is a letter ?) all the unbearable facts which are taking place ; I am now busy with the novel (and I shall finish it only next year !), and yet I am tormented with the desire to continue *The Journal of an Author*, for there is, indeed I have, something to say—and just as you would wish—without barren, behind-scenes polemics, but with a firm and fearless word. And every one now, those even who have something to say, are afraid. What are they afraid of ? Positively—of a ghost. The ' common-European ' ideas of science and enlightenment stand despotically over every one, and no one dares to speak. I understand too well why Gradovsky's last articles, greeting the students as the *intelligentsia*, had such a tremendous success with our ' Europeans.' The fact of the matter is that he sees the whole remedy for all the present-day horrors of our unsettledness in that very Europe, in Europe alone. My literary position (I never spoke to you about this) I consider almost phenomenal : as a man steadily writing against European

principles, who has compromised himself for ever with *The Possessed*, that is, by his reaction and obscurantism—how that man, apart from all Europeanisers, their reviews, their newspapers, their critics, is yet acknowledged by our young generation, by that very unsettled nihilism-ridden young generation, etc. ? This has been expressed to me by them, from many places, in individual declarations and by whole bodies of them. They have already declared that from me alone they expect a sincere and sympathetic word, and that myself alone they consider as their *leading writer*. These declarations of the young generation are known to the literary workers, to the bandits of the pen and the sharpers of the Press, and they are very much impressed by it. Otherwise, how would they let me write freely ! They would devour me, like dogs, but they are afraid, and wonder confusedly what will come of it all. Here I read the nasty rag *Golos*,—Lord, how stupid, how abominably lazy and stagnantly petrified. Believe me, my anger at times is transformed into positive laughter, for instance in reading the articles of the schoolboy thinker, E. Markov, on the woman question. It is sheer stupidity, the utter nakedness of stupidity. You say you did not like Pouzykovich's paper. Yes, indeed ; but it is quite impossible to speak to that man, quite impossible to

advise him, he is so touchily self-confident. Above all, he cares only about the circulation; as to all the rest he does things with an extraordinarily easy conscience. Your opinion of what you read from the *Karamazovs* flattered me much (concerning the power and energy of the work), but you put at once the *most necessary* question: that for the time being I have not given a reply to all those atheistic propositions, but the reply is urgent. That is just the point, and my whole trouble and my whole uneasiness is about that. For I had intended Book VI, *The Russian Monk*, to be as a reply to all this *negative side*; it will appear on August 31. And therefore I fear on its account: will it be a *sufficient* reply? The more so because the answer is, indeed, not a direct one, not an answer to the propositions expressed before (in *The Great Inquisitor* and elsewhere) point by point, but an indirect one. In my reply is represented something directly opposite to the world-conception expressed in the earlier book, but again it is represented not point by point, but, so to say, in an artistic picture. And that 's just what worries me, that is, shall I be understood and shall I achieve even a particle of my aim. Added to this are still the demands of art: I needed to represent a modest character and a majestic one, whereas life is full of comicality and is grand only in its

inner sense, so that against my will, because of the demands of art, I was compelled in the life-history of my monk to touch also on some rather frivolous sides, so as not to injure the artistic realism. Then there are the monk's precepts, at which people will just shout that they are absurd, for they are too ecstatic; certainly, they are absurd in the every-day sense, but in the other, the inner sense, I think they are right. Anyhow, I worry much, and I should very much like to have your opinion, for I value and respect it very much. I wrote the book with great love. But I see I have talked too much about my work. On September 1 or 2, I shall be in Petersburg (hastening to Staraya Roussa to my family), I shall call on you (I don't know at what time, I can't settle beforehand), and if I am lucky I may find you in, and see you if only for a short while. Good-bye, kindest and sincerely respected Konstantin Petrovich, may God grant you many years to live—there can be no better wish in our time, for such men as you must live. Now and then a silly and sinful idea flashes across my mind: what will happen to *Russia*, if we, the last of the Mohicans, die? True, I instantly smile at myself. Yet nevertheless we must live and work untiringly. And are not you a worker? Apropos: Pouzykovich having heard from me the content of your letter concerning the dispatch of the prisoners to

Saghalien, pressed me to let it be published in the *Grazhdanin*. Of course I did not let him have it. —Wholly your F. Dostoevsky.

IV

Staraya Roussa, *May* 19, 1880.

Deeply esteemed Konstantin Petrovich, as in past years, so once again I cannot miss the 21st without wishing you, sincerely and from my whole heart, all that is best, all that you wish for yourself on your birthday. May God grant you health above all, and then supreme success in your new labours! I send my message to your old flat and hope that the post-office knows your new address. Before my departure from Petersburg (exactly a week ago) I intended to come to see you without fail in order to take leave of you for the whole summer, and to ask your parting blessing, which, for a particular reason, I very much needed. But the bustle and anxieties of my departure decided otherwise, and I could not get to you. I did not come to Roussa here for rest and peace: I have to go to Moscow for the unveiling of the Poushkin memorial, as a delegate of the Slav Charitable Society. And it turns out, as I had foreseen, that I am going not for pleasure, but perhaps even for immediate unpleasantness. For the point at issue involves my most cherished and fundamental con-

victions. While still in Petersburg I heard that in Moscow there is a certain clique which is trying to proscribe opinions contrary to its own at the anniversary, and that it fears certain *reactionary* words which might be said by *others* at the meetings of the 'Lovers of Russian Literature,' who have taken upon themselves the whole arrangement of the anniversary. But in fact I was invited by Yuriev, the President of the Society, and the Society itself (from their official notice) is going to speak at the opening. The papers even have already published rumours about certain intrigues. I have prepared my speech on Poushkin precisely in the most *extreme* spirit of my convictions (*ours*, I venture to say). Therefore I anticipate some kind of attack. But I will not be disconcerted and am not afraid. I must serve my work and shall speak without fear. The professors are paying court to Turgenev, who is becoming definitely a personal enemy of mine. (In the *Viestnik Europa* he let out some petty scandal about me concerning a certain happening, which never happened, thirty-five years ago.) But praise Poushkin and glorify Verochka I cannot. There, why should I trouble you with small-talk? But the real point is not the small-talk, but a public matter and a great one too, since Poushkin expresses precisely that idea, which we all (a tiny group as yet) serve.

And this must be pointed out and expressed : that is just what is hateful to them [the Westerners]. Well, perhaps they will simply not allow me to speak my mind. In that case I shall publish my speech.

I firmly press your hand, deeply esteemed Konstantin Petrovich. On my return I shall sit down to finish the *Karamazovs*. All the summer I shall be in labour. But I do not grumble, I love this labour. From next year onward I have already decided I shall renew without fail *The Journal of an Author*. Then I shall again turn to you (as I have done before) for advice which, I ardently believe, you will not refuse me.

Meanwhile accept the assurance of my ardent devotion.—Your most humble servant,

F. Dostoevsky.

My wife congratulates you and scolds me because I have forgotten to mention her.

V

Staraya Roussa, *July* 25, 1880.

Kindest and deeply esteemed Konstantin Petrovich, you gladdened me very much by your letter, and still more by your promise not to forget me in the future. I finally decided *not* to go to

Ems : I have too much work to do. Because of the chaos in the spring I neglected the *Karamazovs*, and now I have made up my mind to finish them before I go away from Staraya Roussa, and therefore I sit down to them day and night.—Now about your commission :

Father Roumyanzev is my old and true friend, the worthiest of the worthiest priests I ever knew. It is in his house that your Father Alexey Nadiozhin lives. The family of a certain M. Rot, of Petersburg, rents a flat in the house of Roumyanzev for the summer season ; M. Rot is a Louga landowner, and proprietor of several houses in Petersburg ; however, he is ruined now. Alexey is a friend of the Rots and lives, although apart from the family, on the top in the attic, but, it seems to me, he simply *hangs on* for the time being to the Rots —though he gives lessons to the numerous Rot children. I saw him once before at Father Roumyanzev's, but only had a glimpse of him. On receiving your letter I immediately went to Roumyanzev, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon (quite close to me), and communicated to him in secret your commission, having made him promise not to say a single word to Father Alexey. Roumyanzev and Father Alexey, although they are acquainted (they live in the same house), are not very much so. By my wish, Roumyanzev immedi-

ately invited Father Alexey, who was walking in the garden, to tea which was ready on the table. Father Alexey, although he kept on refusing, at last came in, and I spent with him a whole hour, saying nothing to him about your commission. This is my observation and conclusion :

He is forty-seven, bald, black-haired, sprinkled with grey. His face is rather fine looking, but flushed. He is evidently of a strong constitution. But positively ill. He is resigning his priesthood because of the absolute impossibility to officiate by reason of his ill-health. This is irrevocable, and himself he *will never agree* to remain a priest, as he himself declared to me several times during our conversation. His illness is a strange one, but, luckily, familiar to me, for I myself suffered of the same illness in the years 1847, '8, and '9. I also have a brother (still alive) who suffers from the same illness precisely. Its chief cause is a most violent abdominal plethora of blood. But in certain cases the fits of this illness bring on moral derangement, of the soul. A man gets infected with an unbounded suspicion and at last imagines himself to suffer from all diseases, and is continuously treated by doctors and treats himself. The chief cause is this, that haemorrhoids in this stage react on the nerves and upset them almost to the point of psychical fits. Father Alexey has now

been convinced for a few years that because of his haemorrhoids he is suffering from anaemia of the brain. 'Last year I consented to officiate at the Easter matins,' he said, 'and I got so weak that my legs felt paralysed, I could not stand. Once I also officiated at vespers but could not finish. Since then I have ceased to officiate. I believe that if I were told now that to-morrow I should have to officiate, I should not sleep all night, but tremble, and certainly I should not be able to walk to the Church, but would faint.' (There is visible, at any rate, a very great conscientiousness in his devotion to his office and to the administration of sacraments.) He formerly was a domestic priest of Voyekov's, then inspector of a charitable institution in the Nevsky Lavra Monastery; he gave many lessons, eight hours weekly. 'When I finished the week, and Sunday came, I would sit at home lying on the couch the whole day and reading a book—it is a great delight!' Now he spends the whole time undergoing cures; he drinks here some water specially prepared for him; he loves to talk much of his diseases and with enthusiasm. I do not know whether he is as expansive on other topics also, for evidently he has no other topics now: he brings down everything immediately to the subject of his illness. He is artless and not sly, although he hardly has any

great need of spiritual communion with people; in spite of his artlessness he is somewhat suspicious, not only with regard to his diseases. I believe he is a perfectly honest man. The appearance of indubitable honesty. Of true convictions, far removed from Lutheranism, he looks upon Orthodox Russians of *our* educated society quite correctly. Conscientiousness he has, but has he ardour for spiritual work? I do not know. Of the future he is not afraid: 'By himself alone, a man is not poor,' he said to me. He is rather hurt that on his request for assistance it was decided to pay him 48 roubles per annum, or to pay for him in the hospital, in case he goes there before he is cured. 'I have spent on cures all I had saved,' he said; 'I did not trouble any one, and now they give me only 48 roubles!' Though, if ever he criticises, he does it without any great spite. The final trait: he seems to be rather fond of comfort, he loves a separate room, if only a single one, but well-arranged. He loves to be alone, loves to read a book, he is a bit of a maniac, but he does not avoid company. That is all I managed to observe. I send you a hasty photograph without retouching. But the chief and final observation—*he would not for anything in the world* continue being a priest. He has a rather independent air, is not insinuating, self-seeking, intriguing—all this is completely lack-

ing in him. His motto is rather: 'Leave me alone.'

Now, to conclude about myself: besides the *Karamazovs*, I am bringing out shortly, in Petersburg, one number of *The Journal of an Author*, the only number for this year. In it is my speech in Moscow, a preface to it, written in Staraya Roussa, and, finally, a reply to my critics, chiefly to Gradovsky. But it is not a reply to the critics, it is my *profession de foi* for the whole future. In it now I express myself definitively and undisguisedly, I call things by their names. I think, all manner of stones will be cast at me. I won't go further into the matter now; it will come out in the very beginning of August, on the 5th or even earlier, but I would very much ask you, deeply respected friend, not to disdain to read *The Journal* and to tell me your opinion. What is written there is fateful to me. From next year I intend to renew *The Journal of an Author*, and now I appear such as I wish to be in the renewed *Journal*.

I watch your valuable activity from the newspapers. Your superb speech to the schoolgirls I read in the *Moscowskya Viedomosti*. Above all, God grant you health. One must not tire oneself too much. Indeed, the chief thing is to give the lead. And a lead is organised only by a long action. I remember too well your words in the spring.

God bless you.—Embracing you and affectionately devoted to you. Your FIODOR DOSTOEVSKY.

P.S.—I do not know your address! I address this simply to the Grand Procurator of the Holy Synod—perhaps it will reach you.

VI

STARAYA ROUSSA, *August* 16, 1880.

Deeply esteemed and kindest Konstantin Petrovich, I thank you from my whole soul for your good, splendid, enheartening letter. Enheartening, indeed, for I, as a man, always need the encouragement of those in whom I believe, whose understanding and convictions I deeply respect. Every time I write something and send it for publication —I am as in a fever. Not that I did not believe in what I myself had written, but always the question torments me: how will it be taken? Will people want to understand the essence of the matter? Would it not rather result in bad than in good that I *made public* my intimate convictions? The more so that I am always compelled to express certain thoughts only in the basic idea, which always greatly needs a further development and argumentation. And the opinion of men like you —is positively my support! It means then, I was not mistaken in everything, it means, I was

understood by those whose understanding and impartial judgment I value, and, therefore, my labour was not in vain.

I tell you frankly: now I am finishing the *Karamazovs*. This last part, I myself see and feel, is so original and unlike what others write, that I positively do not expect the approval of our critics; the public, the readers—that is a different matter: they always supported me. I should be deeply grateful to you if you give your attention to what will be published in the August number of the *Russky Viestnik* (which is now being printed), and then in the September number where the fourth and last part of the *Karamazovs* ends. In the September book will be a *trial*, our crown-prosecutors and advocates—all this will be shown in a particular light. *The Journal of an Author* I decided to bring out in the coming year without fail. The present, 'only number for this year,' has had an indubitable success with the public: in three days up to 3000 copies sold in Petersburg alone, and I brought out altogether 4200 copies. I think I shall have to publish a second edition. My wife told me how kindly you had received her. I thank you for sending me the *Varshavsky Dnievnik*. Leontiev after all is a bit of a *heretic*—did you notice it? Anyhow, of this I shall talk to you in person, when I come to Petersburg at the end of Sep-

tember; there's much of interest in his opinions. —Accept, deeply respected Konstantin Petrovich, the assurance not only of my sincerest feelings, but also of my profound, great hope for all the good which I expect, and not only myself, but every one, from your new splendid activity.—Your adherent and admirer F. Dostoevsky.

POBIEDONOSZEV'S LETTERS TO ALEXANDER III (AT THAT TIME TSAREVITCH) ON THE OCCASION OF DOSTOEVSKY'S DEATH

I

January 29, 1881.

Last night F. M. Dostoevsky passed away. He was a close friend to me, and it is sad that he is no more.

But his death is a great loss to Russia too. In the circle of writers he—he alone almost—was an ardent preacher of the fundamental principles of religion, nationhood, love of the country. Our unhappy younger generation, gone astray like sheep without a shepherd, cherished a belief in him, and his influence was very great and beneficent. Many —unhappy young people—turned to him as to a confessor, personally and in writing. There is no one now to replace him.

He was poor and left nothing except books. His family is in need. I am writing now to Count Loris-Melikov, and asking him to petition the Tsar and to ask that the Sovereign would please to take an interest.

Will not Your Highness support this application? You knew and valued the deceased Dostoevsky from his works, which will for ever remain a memorial of the great Russian talent.

II

February 1, 1881.

F. M. Dostoevsky was buried to-day in the Nevsky Lavra Monastery. It is very sad that he is no more. Eternal memory to him. I feel his loss very keenly: I had arranged for him a quiet hour, on Saturdays after vespers, and he often came to me, and we spoke much and long after midnight.

Yesterday he was to bring out the first number of his *Journal*, and he had it quite ready; and yesterday, on the day of his funeral the number appeared. In case it has not yet reached Your Highness, I enclose it herewith. There are in it splendid pages—from the very first.

K. Pobiedonoszev.

[As a result of Pobiedonoszev's application a pension of 2000 roubles was granted to Dostoevsky's widow.]

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

Aksakov, Ivan Sergueyevich (1823-1886), the three volumes of whose autobiography, *Years of Childhood*, *A Russian Schoolboy*, and *A Russian Gentleman*, have been translated into English by J. D. Duff.

Aksakov, Nicolay Petrovich (1848-1909), doctor of philosophy, writer on theological and philosophical questions, and poet; Secretary (1878-1880) of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature.'

Annenkov, Pavel Vassilevich (1812-1887), literary critic, first editor of Poushkin's Complete Works, and friend of Turgenev.

Averkiev, Dmitrii Vassilevich (1836-1905), author and playwright.

Barsov, Elpidifor Vassilevich (1837-1919), ethnologist and archæologist, collector of old manuscripts, member of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature,' and librarian (in 1880) of the Tchertkov Town Library.

Bartenev, Piotr Ivanovich (1829-1912), publisher of the *Russky Arkhiv*; a Poushkin scholar.

Bezsonov, P. A. (1828-1898), librarian of Moscow University, Secretary of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature,' and professor of Slavonic languages at Kharkov University.

Bielinsky, Vissarion Gregorevitch, critic. In 1867 Dostoevsky, at the request of K. I. Bibikov, wrote 'My Reminiscences of Bielinsky.' Dostoevsky found it difficult to write that article and expressed his regret as follows: 'I was foolish enough to undertake that article. As soon as I started I saw at once that there was no possibility of making a decent job of it (for I wanted to write everything). Ten printed sheets of a novel would have been easier for me to write than those two sheets. The result was that I wrote that damnable article, on an average calculation, about *five* times, and then crossed out everything, and what was left I re-made anew. At last I managed to produce an article,—but so trashy, that it nauseates me. What masses of most valuable facts I was compelled to strike out! As was to be expected, there remained only all the trashy and mediocre stuff. An abomination!'

(See *Biography*, Part II. p. 178.)

Burenin, Victor Petrovich (*b.* 1841), poet and journalist, literary critic of the *Novoye Vremya*.

Chayev, N. A. (1824-1914), playwright; President (1878-1884) of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature.'

Danilevsky, Nicolay Yakolevich (1822-1885), author of the famous book *Russia and Europe*. (On December 11/23, 1868, Dostoevsky wrote to Maikov from Florence: 'I also had a letter from Strahov; much literary news. I was delighted by the news about Danilevsky's article "Europe and Russia," which Strahov describes as a capital thing. I own to you that since that very year 1849 I have heard nothing

of Danilevsky [*i.e.* since Dostoevsky's and Maikov's trial in connection with the Petrashevsky Group]. But I have thought of him at times. I remembered what a desperate Fourierist he had been. And to turn from Fourierism to Russia, to become a Russian again and to learn to love one's soil and essence! That is how a big man can be recognised! Turgenev has become a German instead of a Russian writer,—that is how a rotten man can be recognised. Nor shall I ever believe the words of the late Apollon Grigoryev, that Bielinsky would have ended by becoming a Slavophil. A man like Bielinsky would never have ended like that. He was only a scab—and nothing else. . . .')

See *Biography*, Part II. pp. 200-201. (All the passages omitted there are now restored from the original letter.)

Dolgomostiev, I. G., contributor to *Vremya* and *Epocha*; according to N. N. Strahov, 'a noble and clever young man,' who died insane in 1867.

Dostoevsky's brother, Andrey (1825-1897), civil engineer. In 1828 the Dostoevskys were entered in the third part of the Genealogical Book of the Moscow Province, owing to the official position of their father, the regimental surgeon, Mihail Andreyevich Dostoevsky.

Dostoevsky, Emily Fiodorovna, the widow of Dostoevsky's brother, Mihail Mihailovich.

Dostoevsky's children, Lilya and Fedya. Lilya (Lubov or Aimée) born in 1869, and Fedya (Fiodor) born in 1871.

Dostoevsky's nieces, Masha and Nina Ivanov, the daughters of his sister, Vera Mihailovna Ivanov. Masha was born in 1848 and Nina in 1857.

Dostoevsky's elder brother, Mihail (1820-1864), was in 1861 the official editor and publisher of *Vremya* ('A Literary and Political Review'), of which the unofficial editor was F. M. Dostoevsky. Its chief contributors were A. A. Grigoriev and N. N. Strahov. On May 24, 1863, *Vremya* was suppressed by the Government on account of N. N. Strahov's article, 'The Fatal Question,' published in No. 4. In 1864, in place of the suppressed *Vremya*, Mihail Dostoevsky began the publication of the review *Epocha*, which ceased to appear in 1865, after the second number, for lack of money to carry on. The *Vremya* had a fair number of subscribers, judged by Russian standards of the time. In 1861 the number was 2300, and in 1862 it had increased to 4302.

Dostoevsky's niece, Natasha (*b.* 1867), the youngest daughter of his sister, Vera Mihailovna.

Dostoevsky, Nicolay Mihailovich, was the youngest brother of Fiodor. (1, Mihail; 2, Fiodor; 3, Andrey; 4, Nicolay.)

Dostoevsky's sister, Varya—or Varvara Mihailovna (*b.* 1822).

Dostoevsky's sister, Vera Mihailovna (*b.* 1829), wife of Dr. Alexander Pavlovich Ivanov (1813-1868).

Eliseyev, G. S., member of the editorial staff of the *Sovremennik* and *Otechestvennya Zapiski*.

Englehardt, Anna Nicolayevna (1835-1903), translator, daughter of N. P. Makarov, the lexicographer, and the wife of A. N. Englehardt, publicist and model farmer.

Gatzuk, Alexey Alexeyevich (1832-1891), archæologist, publisher of *Gatzuk's Newspaper* and *Gatzuk's Calendar*.

Gaydebourov, Pavel Alexandrovich (1841-1893), journalist, editor and publisher of the *Nedyelya*.

Gayevsky, Victor Pavlovich (1826-1888), a Petersburg barrister, one of the founders of and chief workers on the 'Literary Fund'; a Poushkin scholar; delegate from the Petersburg Branch of the Russian Musical Society, from the Petersburg Conservatoire, and from the 'Literary Fund' to the Poushkin Celebration.

Golokhvastov, probably Olga Andreyevna, *née* Andreyevsky, author, and wife of P. D. Golokhvastov, author and social worker.

Grigorovich, Dmitri Vassilevich (1822-1899), novelist, delegate of the 'Literary Fund' to the Poushkin Celebration.

Grot, Yakov Karlovich (1812-1893), Academician, linguist, historian of Russian literature, and editor of the works of 18th and 19th century Russian authors; member of committee for the erection of the memorial to Poushkin.

Isayev, Pavel Alexandrovich, Dostoevsky's stepson, the son of his first wife, Marie Dmitrievna, by her first marriage. P. A. Isayev was a heavy cross in the life of the Dostoevskys; Anna Gregorevna mentions

him more than once in her Reminiscences. Lubov Fiodorovna Dostoevsky, in her Reminiscences of her father, published last year in Munich (and recently translated into English and published in this country) tells a new, curious, but improbable story of her father's first marriage :

' On her coming from Kuznetsk to Semipalatinsk, Marie Dmitrievna (Dostoevsky's first wife) managed to arrange a cosy home which became the gathering-place of the local intellectuals. Dostoevsky's conjugal happiness continued even after his return to European Russia ; but it all turned out to be a phantom. His wife's health began to grow worse. He had to remove her from Petersburg to Tver. And here, with one foot in the grave, she made a terrible confession to her husband. She said that she had married him out of pure convenience, tempted by his literary fame and connections ; that the night before their wedding she had spent with her lover, a young, beautiful tutor, and that she continued her liaison with him during the whole of her married life. He always—she said—followed her like her shadow, and it was only when she lost her good looks owing to consumption that he disappeared without leaving his address. Marie Dmitrievna declared to her husband that she not only did not love him, but that she just despised him, as a former convict. . . . Dostoevsky left his wife and went off to Petersburg. . . .'

The exactness of these data can be tested very easily by reference to Anna Gregorevna's Reminiscences, as well as to Dostoevsky's letters. Dostoevsky's first marriage was, indeed, a failure. His

married life began stormily : with scenes of mutual jealousy ; but the very fact mentioned by Anna Gregorevna, that Dostoevsky fulfilled the last wish of his first wife ' to love Pasha ' and all his life long continued to help his stepson who caused him trouble, worry and unpleasantness, makes the authenticity of the daughter's story about her father rather doubtful. The daughter's assertion that her father left his dying wife in Tver and himself rushed off to Petersburg is refuted by Dostoevsky's letter to his brother, Mihail Mihailovich, sent from Moscow on April 15, 1864, on the eve of her death. (Marie Dmitrievna Isayev-Dostoevsky died not in Tver, as Dostoevsky's daughter writes, but in Moscow) : ' Yesterday Marie Dmitrievna was seized with a positive fit : blood gushed from her throat and began pouring over her bosom and choking her. We all awaited the end. We were all round her. She took leave of every one, became reconciled to every one, and made known all her requests. She sent greetings to your whole family and wished you a long life. She particularly wished Emily Fiodorovna a long life. She expressed her desire to be reconciled to you. (You know, my friend, she was all her life convinced that you were her secret enemy.) She has passed a bad night. To-day, this moment, Alexander Pavlovich has said *definitely*, that she will die to-day. And there is no doubt of it.' In postscript F. M. Dostoevsky adds : ' Marie Dmitrievna is dying peacefully, in sound mind. She blessed Pasha (P. A. Isayev) in his absence.'

Nevertheless, that there was almost constant ill-feeling towards Dostoevsky on the part of his step-

son and his sister-in-law is manifest. So great was it that when the little Sonia died (May 16/28, 1868), Dostoevsky asked that the news should be kept from them for a time, and wrote : ' It seems to me that not only will none of them regret the death of my child, but perhaps the very opposite, and the mere thought of that exasperates me. What wrong has the poor child done them ? Let them hate me, let them laugh at me and at my love,—*that* I don't mind.'

(See *Biography*, Part II. p. 187. The phrases omitted there are here restored from the original.)

Kalachov, Nicolay Vassilevich (1819-1885), historian, jurist, Senator and Keeper of the Moscow Archives of the Ministry of Justice.

Kasatkin, Nicolay (Yaponsky) (1836-1912), Bishop of Reval, the head of the Russian Orthodox Mission in Japan.

Katkov, Mihail Nikiforovich (1818-1887), reactionary publicist, editor of the monthly review *Russky Viestnik* and of the daily *Moscowskya Viedomosti*.

Khmyrov, Dmitri Nicolayevich (*b.* 1847), teacher of mathematics, husband of Dostoevsky's niece, Sophie Ivanov (*b.* 1847).

K. K., probably the Grand Duke Konstantin Konstantinovich Romanov.

Kornilov, Fiodor Petrovich (1809-1895), member of the State Council, State Secretary ; member and director of the committee for the erection of the Poushkin memorial.

Kovalevsky, Maxim Maximovich (1851-1916), historian of law, sociologist, professor at Moscow University (1877-1887), held the chair of State Law.

Krayevsky, Andrey Alexandrovich (1810-1889), journalist, publisher of the review *Otechestvennya Zapiski* and of *Golos*; delegate from the Society of the City of Petersburg, and from the 'Literary Fund' to the Poushkin Celebration.

Lavrov, Platonov, Suffragan Bishop Alexey (1829-1890), Bishop of Mozhaysk, second Suffragan Bishop of Moscow, subsequently Archbishop of Vilna and Lithuania.

Lavrov, Vukol Mihailovich (1852-1912), publisher and translator; brought out the monthly review *Russkaya Mysl* from 1880 onwards. (He is described by Dostoevsky, in his letter of May 27.)

Lentovsky, Mihail Valentinovich (*d.* 1906), theatrical manager.

Lopatin, probably Lev Mihailovich Lopatin (1855-1920), subsequently professor at the Moscow University; a philosopher with a tendency towards spiritualism.

Lubimov, Nicolay Alexeyevich (1800-1897), professor at Moscow University, physicist, also publicist and co-editor with Katkov of the *Russky Viestnik*.

Maikov, Apollon Nicolayevich (1821-1897), poet and journalist, and friend of Dostoevsky. It is to Maikov and Strahov that most of the already known letters of Dostoevsky are addressed.

Marie Alexandrovna, the wife of Alexander II, died on May 22, 1880.

Markevich, Boleslav Mihailovich (1822-1884), novelist, who published in the *Russky Viestnik* for 1880, the second part of his trilogy, the novel entitled *Crisis*.

Melnikov, Ivan Alexandrovich (1831-1906), baritone singer, actor at the Maryinsky Theatre, Petersburg.

Mengden, Countess, probably Zinaida Nicolayevna, *née* Bourtsev, the wife of Count Georgy Fiodorovich Mengden, Major-General, Brigade Commander of the 1st Horse Guards Division.

Merenberg, Nathalie Alexandrovna (1836-1913), Poushkin's daughter, morganatic wife of Prince Nicolas of Nassau.

Novikov, Olga Alexeyevna (1840-1921), *née* Kireyev, a Slavophil writer who wrote on Anglo-Russian relations and signed her articles O. K. She spent most of her life in England.

Oldenburgsky, Prince Piotr Georgevich (1812-1881), the Chairman of the committee for the erection of the Poushkin memorial.

Ostrovsky, Alexander Nicolayevich (1825-1893), a prolific and distinguished dramatist, only one of whose plays, *The Storm*, has been translated into English (by Constance Garnett), although several have appeared in French.

Pavlischev, Lev Nicolayevich (*b.* 1834), the son of Poushkin's sister, author of reminiscences of his uncle; had a post at the Chief Commissariat Board.

Petrov, A. K. Of this Geneva priest Dostoevsky wrote to Maikov on August 19, 1869: 'From all the data (mark you, not from guesses, but from facts) I know

he is employed by the secret police.'—*Biography*, Part II. p. 192.

Pisemsky, Alexey Feofilaktovich (1820-1881), novelist, several of whose works are to be read in French—e.g. *Dans le Tourbillon* and *Mille Âmes*.

Plescheyev, Alexey Nicolayevich, poet, delegate of the paper *Molva* to the Poushkin Celebration. He was born in Kostroma on November 22, 1825, and, like Dostoevsky, was entered in the lists of the Moscow Nobility. Both were condemned to death, but instead of being executed were exiled and deprived of their status of nobility.

In the Archives of the late Moscow Deputies' Councils have been found documents relating to the exclusion of Dostoevsky from the lists of Moscow Nobility. (The Archives of the Moscow Deputies' Council relating to the State-criminals Plescheyev and Dostoevsky, No. 62, 1850. The hearing began on July 12, 1850. It was concluded on September 1, 1850.) In this case two documents are of interest: the first is the copy of the instruction of the late Minister of the Interior (later the Moscow Civil Governor) concerning the Gracious Order of H.I.M. to deprive Plescheyev and Dostoevsky as State-criminals of all rights of status, with the statement of the nature of their crime and the measures taken for their punishment. The second document is the accompanying report of the Chief of the Moscow Province addressed to Prince Golizyn. (Prince Golizyn (1800-1873) was Marshal of Nobility from 1848 to 1861 of the Zvenigorod District of the Moscow Province, and from 1859

chief director of the Golizyn Hospital. P. P. Novosilzev (1797-1869), vice-Governor of Moscow from 1831 to 1851 ; subsequently Governor of Ryazan.)

' Ministry of the Interior.
Chief of the Moscow Government.

Clerks' Office.

No. 11176.
July 6, 1850.

Moscow.
Re State-Criminals.

Received on July 12.

Dear Sir,

Prince Mihail Fiodorovich.

The Copy of the Instruction issued by the Minister of the Interior, of June 15, under No. 254, with the declaration of the Gracious Order relating to the State-Criminals Plescheyev and Dostoevsky, I consider necessary to forward to Your Excellency, as supplementary to the report to the Marshal of Nobility of February 27, under No. 3708.

Accept, Dear Sir, the assurance of my profound respect and devotion.

N. Novosilzev.'

' To His Excellency M. F. Golizyn, Ministry of the Interior.

Department of the Police Executive.

Branch II., Table 2.

July 15, 1850, No. 254.

To the Moscow Civil Governor.

By my instruction of February 15th last, under No 102, Your Excellency will have been aware that the Ruling Senate, having heard the report of the Minister of War of December 23 of last year, together with the declaration of His Imperial Majesty's gracious confirmation concern-

By Gracious Order *re* State-Criminals.

ing the persons condemned by the Military Court, according to the Field Penal Code, for criminal designs against the Government, has instructed me, by the order of December 30th, independently of the order made about the publication of the above-mentioned Gracious declaration in the Senate journal, to notify the same to those Chiefs of Provinces, in whose lists of the Nobility the names of the criminals in question are entered.

Among those condemned are : the nobleman Alexey Plescheyev, holding no office, and the retired Inspector-Lieutenant Fiodor Dostoevsky, who have been sentenced by the Auditor-General to death by military execution, but His Majesty the Emperor on the 19th day of December 1849 was graciously pleased to order that : Plescheyev, instead of being executed, shall, after having been deprived of all his rights of status, be enrolled for military service as private in the Orenburg battalions of the line ; and Dostoevsky, instead of being executed, shall, after having been deprived of all his rights of status, be deported to hard labour for four years in the fortresses, after which time he shall be enrolled as private in military service.

Having established from the information collected by the Ministry in my charge that Plescheyev and Dostoevsky are entered in the lists of Noblemen of the Moscow Province, I have the honour to inform Your Excellency of the same in order that the necessary steps may be taken in fulfilment of the above-mentioned Order of the Ruling Senate.

The original is signed : Minister of the Interior,
COUNT PEROVSKY.

Countersigned : Vice-Director, V. SAFONOV.

Attested : Senior Assistant Director of the Office,
RUDNEV.

Polivanov, Lev Ivanovich (1838-1899), educationist, director of the Polivanov Secondary School, Secretary (1878-1880) of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature,' member of the Unveiling Committee of the Poushkin Memorial.

Polonsky, Yakov Petrovich (1820-1898), poet.

Poushkin, Anatolii Lvovich, the poet's nephew, the son of his brother Lev.

Rubinstein, Nicolay Gregorievich (1835-1898), director of the Moscow Conservatoire.

Sabourov, Andrey Alexandrovich (1837-1916), Minister of Education (who succeeded D. A. Tolstoy).

Saltykov, Mihail Efgrafovich (who used the pseudonym N. Schedrin), author of *The Golovlevs*, one of the greatest of Russian novels, which has been translated into French and American, but not yet into English. Author also of many shorter tales and fables difficult to render into another language owing to their whimsical allusiveness.

Samarin, Ivan Vassilevich (1817-1885), actor. Of the Moscow Maly Theatre.

Soloviov, F. G. (1834-1888), Moscow barrister, delegate to the Poushkin Celebration from the Council of Barristers.

Suhomlinov, Mihail Ivanovich (1828-1901), Academician, historian of literature.

Souvorin, Alexey Sergueyevich (1834-1912), journalist, editor and publisher of the daily paper *Novoye Vremya*; afterwards Tchehov's intimate friend.

Tretyakov, Serguey Mihailovich (1834-1892), Mayor of Moscow, brother of Pavel Tretyakov.

Tretiakov, Vera Mihailovna, *née* Mamontov (1844-1899), the wife of P. M. Tretiakov, the founder of the Tretiakov Picture Gallery in Moscow.

Turgenev, Ivan Sergueyevich (1818-1883), had inspired Dostoevsky with a feeling of hostility almost from the outset of their literary careers. According to early letters of Dostoevsky's there had been at first kindness between them; but resentment of Turgenev's aristocratic manner provoked Dostoevsky to almost passionate dislike and jealousy. This was not lessened by the fact of Turgenev's long residence abroad. In March 1869 Dostoevsky wrote to his niece: 'You write about Turgenev and the Germans. Turgenev has become stale through living abroad and has lost all his talent, which even the *Golos* has pointed out to him. I am not afraid of becoming Germanised because I hate all Germans: but it is Russia I need: without Russia I shall lose my last little powers, my last little talents,' etc. Turgenev was the delegate of the Petersburg 'Literary Fund' to the Poushkin Celebration. He arrived in Moscow from Petersburg on April 18, 1880, and the three weeks from the beginning of May till the 24th he spent on his estate, Spasskoye. —On April 23, the Moscow authors and men of letters gave a dinner in the Hermitage Restaurant in honour of Turgenev. (See *Peterburgskya Viedomosti*, No. 117, 1880.)—This is the dinner which Dostoevsky had in view when he wrote about 'the professors paying court to Turgenev.'

In *Viestnik Europa* for February 1880, we find Turgenev's letter to the editor, being a reply to one from B. M. Markevich in which the latter, under the signature of 'A Resident of another Town,' attacked Turgenev for the applause he had won in 1879, by 'playing up' to the younger generation. In his letter to the editor Turgenev retaliated and thus characterised the 'A Resident of another Town': 'Think only from whose lips these calumnies, these accusations come! From the lips of a man, who since his young days has earned the reputation of a *virtuoso* in servility and "boot-licking," voluntary at first and finally involuntary.'—(See *Turgenevsky Sbornik*, edited by A. F. Koni, 1921, Petersburg, p. 45 *et seq.*) Apart from this letter in the *Viestnik Europa* there is nothing in any way bearing on Dostoevsky that comes from Turgenev. Evidently, however, Dostoevsky's suspicious nature took the letter in question as aimed at himself and also ascribed all the allusions to a 'fact' which had taken place in his life thirty-five years before. It is to the hostility already mentioned that the caustic remark in the letters (p. 160)—'to glorify Verochka'—must be ascribed. On January 17, 1879, Turgenev's comedy, *A Month in the Country*, written in 1850, was produced for the benefit of Marie Gavrilovna Savina (the most famous of Russian actresses), who scored a brilliant success in the part of Verochka. Towards the end of the 'seventies Savina's talent had fully developed, and Turgenev, when he saw for the first time on the stage what Savina had made of the character of Verochka (the character having been only slightly outlined in the play), looked fixedly in

the actress's face in her dressing-room in the theatre, and exclaimed : ' Verochka ! . . . So this is the Verochka that I wrote ! ! ! . . .' On the day following the benefit, Savina was to read at a soirée, organised for the benefit of the ' Literary Fund,' where Turgenev was also present, the dialogue between Count Lyubin and Darya Ivanovna Stupendyevna, from Turgenev's comedy, *The Provincial*. Dostoevsky too was there, and said to Savina that evening : ' Every word of yours comes out as if it were ivory,' and added rather venomously, ' while this old boy (*i.e.* Turgenev) lisps.' The success of Verochka in the hands of Savina was lasting and much-talked-of. And Turgenev, in spite of his sixty-seven years, was violently infatuated by the actress. It is this infatuation at which Dostoevsky hints : he never missed a chance of having a fling at Turgenev. (For the whole episode see *Turgenev and Savina*, by A. F. Koni, Petersburg, 1918.)

Viskovatov, Pavel Alexandrovich (*b.* 1842), professor at Dorpat (Yuriev) University, held the Chair of Russian Literature, and was delegate of the University to the Poushkin Celebration.

Yanovsky, Doctor S. D., an old friend of Dostoevsky's (from 1845) and most devoted to him ; author of *Reminiscences of Dostoevsky*. Died in Switzerland in 1897, at the age of 79.

Yazykov, Mihail Alexandrovich (1811-1885), friend of Turgenev, Chief of the Novgorod Excise Board.

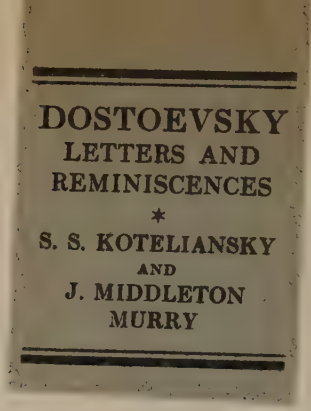
Yuriev, Serguey Andreyevich (1821-1888), author, translator of Shakespeare and of the Spanish playwrights ;

President of the 'Society of Lovers of Russian Literature' (1878-1884); and editor (1880-1885) of the monthly review *Russkaya Mysl*, published by V. M. Lavrov.

Zolotariov, I. F., one of the oldest members of the 'Slav Charitable Society'; the second delegate of the 'Society' to the Poushkin Celebration.

Zveriev, Nicolay Andreyevich (1850-1911), professor at Moscow University, held the Chair of History and Philosophy of Law; subsequently Senator and Member of the State Council.

FACSIMILE FROM DOSTOEVSKY'S MS. OF
'THE LIFE OF A GREAT SINNER.'


DOSTOEVSKY
LETTERS AND
REMINISCENCES
*
S. S. KOTELIANSKY
AND
J. MIDDLETON
MURRY

DATE DUE

Unless this book is returned on or before the last date stamped below a fine will be charged. Fairness to other borrowers makes enforcement of this rule necessary.

DEC 14 1926
MAY 10 1928
NOV 2 1931
MAR 7 '73

19546

LAKE ERIE COLLEGE - LINCOLN LIBRARY
CIRC 891.73 D74x, K
Dostoyevsky, Dostoevsky: letters and re
3 0356 0002 9241 7

891.73
D74xK

891.73 Dostoevsky
D74xK Letters and
Reminiscences
19546

JUL 2001 499

S0-FKF-667